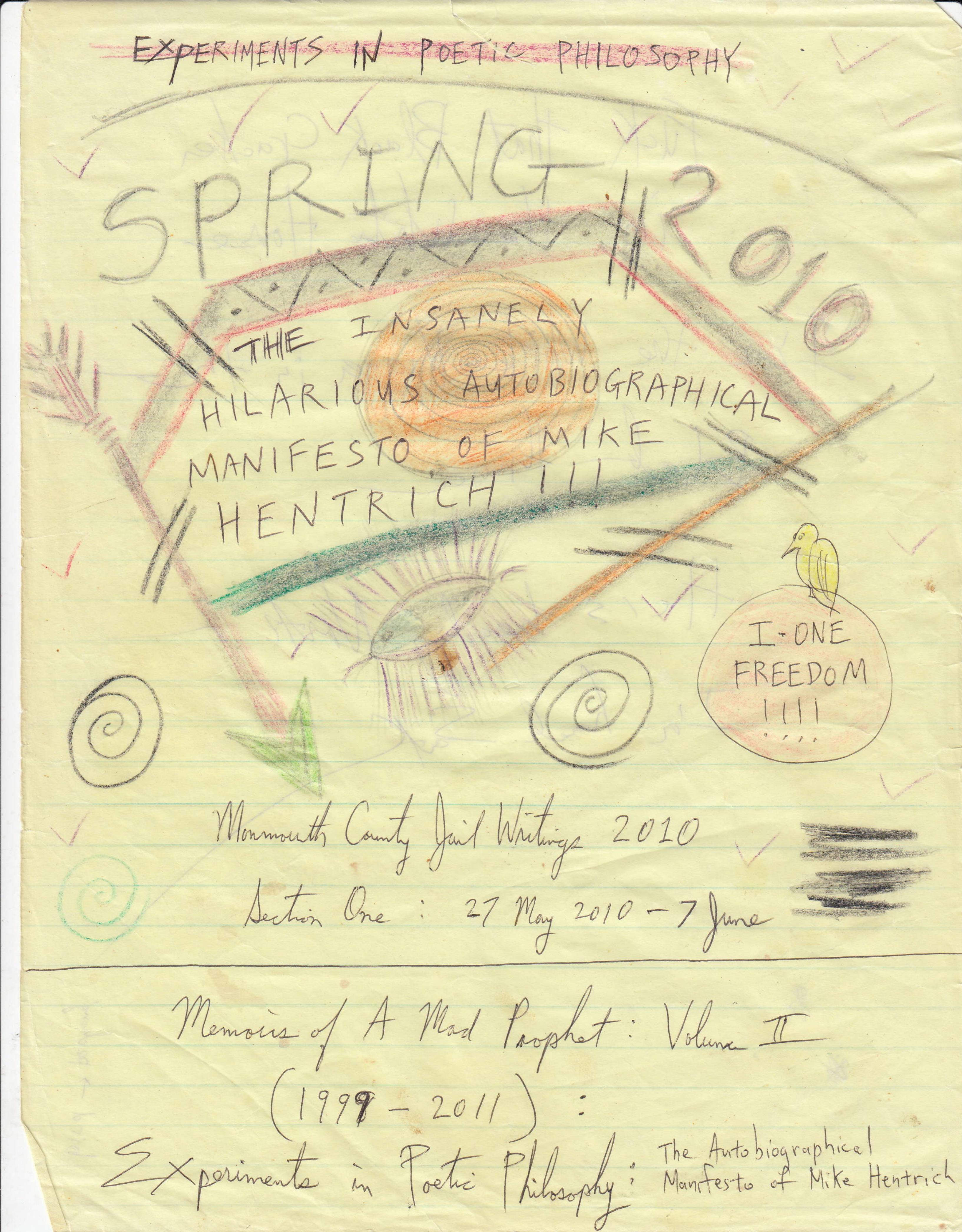
The Hentrich Diaries

H-138

Jail 2010


EXPERIMENTS IN POETIC PHILOSOPHY
SPRING 2010
THE INSANELY HILARIOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MANIFESTO OF MIKE HENTRICH III
I-ONE FREEDOM !!!!
Monmouth County Jail Writings 2010
Section One : 27 May 2010 – 7 June
Memoirs of A Mad Prophet : Volume II
(1999 – 2011) :
Experiments in Poetic Philosophy : The Autobiographical Manifesto of Mike Hentrich

Memoirs of a Mad Prophet of Abraxas

JAILHOUSE SCRIBBLINGS

BOOK TWO: SUMMER 2010

PAD 1 = PART TWO

Jail Writings: Summer 2010

Part 2

5-18-2010: Some huge bitch was drinking 2-11' 40 ounce on deck at 311 7th when I went down there thinking it was George's - I was all happy go lucky. She layed hands on me for reasons unknown to me. Somehow I managed to release her grip from me. She was not the only one grabbing on me. It was similar to the scene from the 1990's remake of King Kong, a blur of arms on me. I flew up the stairs into my room; I think it was then that I grabbed my cane. I again had to push the large female ~~monster~~ monster off me.

When I got into Apt 9 I blockaded myself in. When police were swarming at the door and back window, I demanded to see a warrant. I would not answer the door. I was carrying a saw around like a machete. After the cops sprayed mace through the door which had little effect on me, they firehosed into the apartment frightening me onto the roof. I carried the saw and a full pot of boiling water. An officer pointed his gun at me, ordering me to dump the water and drop the saw. I hadn't really thought this plan through very well. After a few hours at the Psychiatric Ward at Jersey Shore Medical, I was brought back to the Asbury Park jail, placed in a cage in the goddamn custody of the fuckin' APPD! Fuck. After spending the entire night in that cage, I was transported to MCCI in Freehold... the place I wrote about in Memoirs of a Mad Prophet, Volume 1 (1986-1998)

I am presently in A-1 for classification. There is no way to communicate with mom unless she uses jpay.com. (I'll end up having to purchase a $22 phone card from commissary.)

I was to meet with Mom today at 3PM and stay overnight there. I won't be able to get her the key to return my library book - Steve Toltz's <u>A Fraction of the Whole</u>.

Now I guess I am in Hocus Pocus (Vonnegut) mode, writing on anything I can.

My spirit feels surprisingly strong. Since I live such a solitary life outside these cages, <u>my Being is able to "process" this experience in a philosophical contemplative manner.</u>

I guess I can follow Vonnegut's clues and write my own HOCUS POCUS type rhetoric to be typed up at a later date I guess. That lonely year I spent out in Seattle, Washington must have strengthened my emotional independence. I guess I can walk up and down the steps in order to exercise my legs. I don't really need books so much. I will use this as an opportunity to BREW THOUGHTS. I am Professor Think Tank held in a cage. I can feel my mother's pain, but it will do neither of us any good if I become morbidly depressed. Now, in situations like this, the one place of refuge is THE INNER LIFE of our thoughts, feelings, reflections. Not having access to tobacco and coffee will cause me irritation, but I will be able to stare into INNER SPACE. There is nothing I can do to reach my mother or father. Nor can they reach me. I don't know if I will make it to court on Friday, the 21st. I wonder how I can be held in jail when I haven't been convicted of a crime yet. Evidently, the scene created by my baracading myself in my apartment, wielding a saw like a machette, was enough to justify PUTTING THIS ANIMAL IN A CAGE.

The absurdity of this latest "arrest" makes me suspect that I am just too wild and rebellious for this society. I wonder if the few who post at "dead-beat geniuses of the abyss" will suspect I have been locked up. I wonder if my mother went to see Tami tonight. Did my landlord contact my mom?

What do I have to be concerned about besides losing my apartment or owing money for library book overdue? Is it even safe for my mother to go to my apartment just to get the library book? Look what happened to me with that big fat bitch laying hands on me! I don't think it is worth risking putting my mother into harms way; I will pay the overdue amount. Surely, if anyone notices my absence, the librarians of APPL will. They will sense I am in some kind of trouble. I wonder what the people of 7th Ave think of all the commotion I caused.

When I told the one Black officer (APPD) that I was a "writer," he said that he knew. How did he know? What did he know about my writing? Had he heard of isis.phpbb3now.com? How strange is my life? I was worried about going to jail due to charges on Friday, the 21st and here I am in jail now. It's only Tuesday, the 18th. My parents will worry.

Am I feeling remorse or regret? Why bother? What good would regret serve? I was attacked by a large female on the porch. The situation excalated when I baracaded myself in the apartment. These current charges (aggravated assault, possession of a weapon, baracading self in) are now added to the disorderly conduct, resisting arrest, and obstruction of justice. Will my father be able to bail me out of this mess here? I have no way of communicating with him unless he visits me at the jail. I am very alone in this world.

I don't even have access to any paper to write. The jailhouse is cold and I have wrapped a sheet inside my monkey suit for added warmth. Maybe a strategy for lifting my SPIRIT, for arming my spirit, may consist of continuing to be Professor Think-Tank even without the Internet, even without my notebooks, even without "writing." I will run out of ink. I have no paper. I can still think. In fact, that is the main activity one engages in when encaged. One looks around and sees other zeks doing what they do, playing chess, discussing the Bible, watching television, what am I to do? I did not do any of this out there. I am still this solitary creature. In fact, when encaged, perhaps it is then that my rich inner life becomes a great spiritual weapon.

It seems like I may be at the mercy of a heartless machine that has me in its bowels. If my parents do not inquire into this, I may easily get "lost in the system." People in the system don't care how you got in it or whether it is justified.

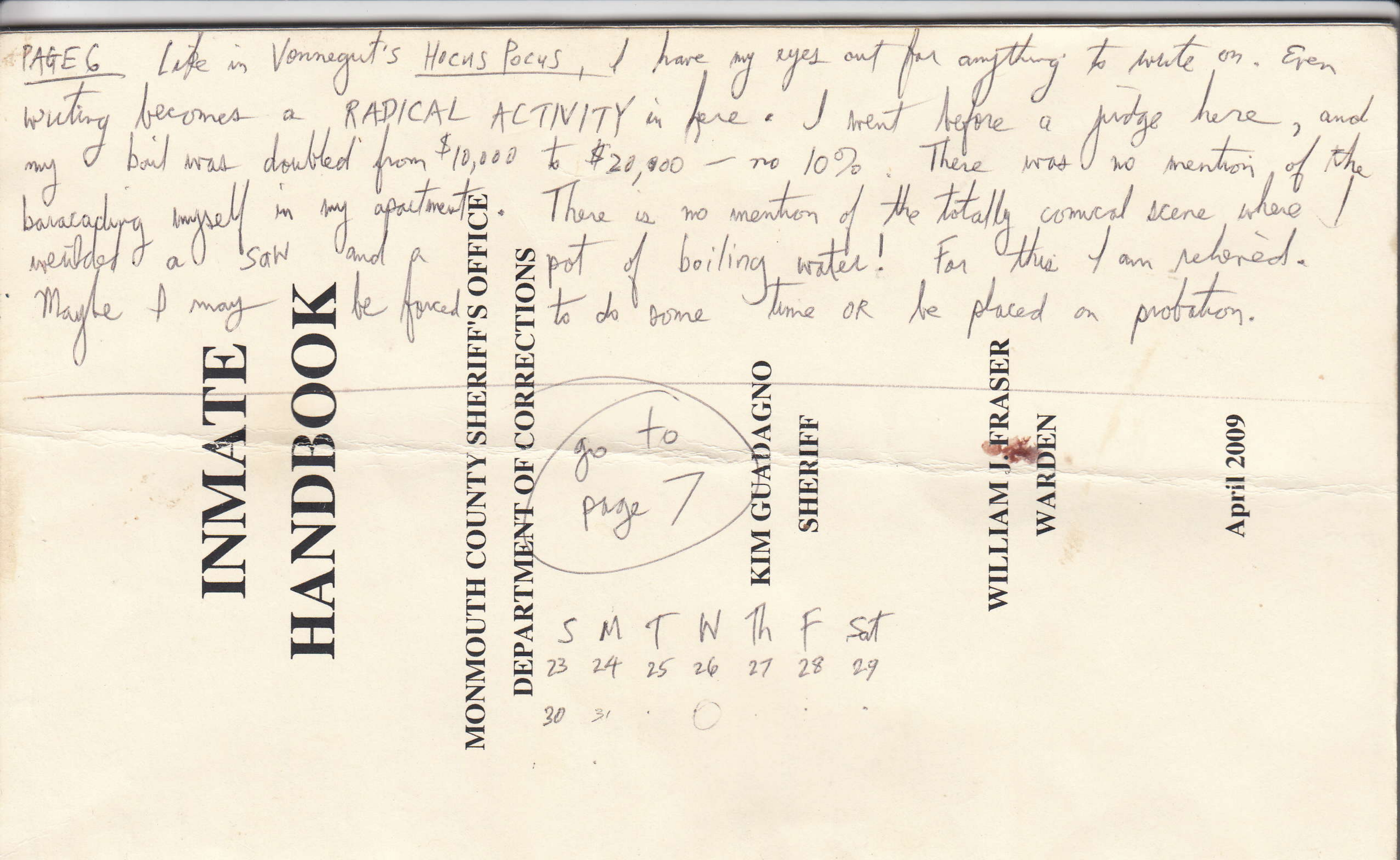
Instead of focusing on the details of how I landed in here, I may simply recall the spirit of great spirits like Solzenitsyn and transcend these circumstances with my character and "personality". There are many other human spirits in here with me, and while many are utterly miserable, several seem to be blessed with a temperment allowing them to "keep it together" and not succumb to anxiety attacks or paralyzing depression. I look around and witness the "character" in individuals' faces, mannerisms, expressions; and I am inspired by these characters. Not all are allowing the system to "break their spirit." Some still smile. Some still laugh! Some still feel delight! And thus, I may be able to discover some kind of delight in sleeping, in the ritual of eating meals, and even in "brotherhood." Could this be the 'human spirit'? I reflect upon some of my favorite films, and realize they revolved around such institutions... Some of my favorite novels also revolve around how the spirit can transcend the cages our animal bodies are encaged in. May my mannerisms and "personality" also inspire my brothers caught in these cages!

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5-19-2010 → I was moved to I1. The bail has been set at $10,000... At 10% that could be $1000. I am to sit before some kind of judge today. This last charge is aggravated assault and possession of a dangerous weapon (the saw and the boiling water). I must have threatened the police... I wonder if my parents are arguing and fighting over this. Most likely, my mom thinks my being in jail may be good, since I can't get alcohol or tobacco. Hell, I wonder how she would like not having access to her coffee.

Anyway, over here in I1, I recognize a few people. Some dude, C, I recognize from the old H2 days with "Weebelt"... Right away he told the C.O. he would take me as a cellie. All in all, I guess I am calm, even though I seem to be "wired" - telling everyone I see about the story of how I got harassed by some big bitches, then baracaded myself in... I mean how many times can I tell the story of how I climbed out onto the roof with a saw and boiling water? The cop had his gun on me, ~~"Drop the~~ "Dump out the water! Drop the saw! Stand up!" etc... I don't want to act out too much in here. I have a tendency to make people nervous. My goal today is to get in front of the judge and request ROR (release on my own recogni)



PAGE 6 Like in Vonnegut's Hocus Pocus, I have my eyes out for anything to write on. Even writing becomes a RADICAL ACTIVITY in here. I went before a judge here, and my bail was doubled from $10,000 to $20,000 — no 10%. There was no mention of the baracading myself in my apartment. There is no mention of the totally comical scene where I wielded a SAW and a pot of boiling water! For this I am relieved. Maybe I may be forced to do some time OR be placed on probation.

INMATE HANDBOOK

MONMOUTH COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE
DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

go to page 7

KIM GUADAGNO
SHERIFF

WILLIAM J. FRASER
WARDEN

April 2009

S	M	T	W	Th	F	Sat
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

My sister came by to visit today, so I was able to tell her to at least renew <u>A Fraction of the Whole</u>. Court for this latest charge is not until the 7th of June. I could get 6 months for it! What about probation? I wonder if I even want to stay at 311 7th Avenue after this crap. Landlord Marshal Sigman is concerned with who is going to pay the $300.00 for the door the police & fire department damaged when apprehending me. As usual, my mother has all kinds of stories. The police told my mother that I was threatening people with a machete. My, my, my — how the story gets twisted. Now, back in Pod I, there is a loud-mouthed play-fiend testing my nerves, underestimating my level of irritability. What to do about such knuckle-heads? I'll just take deep breaths. One problem leads to another. There is trouble wherever I go.

My sister told me that my mom is pestering ~~me~~ the authorities to get me into a psychiatric wing, but it turns out, from what I've been told by cellie C (31), ~~that~~ that wing is now a "dorm". There are no walls, no cells... it's all out in the open. Other fuckers torment other inmates just for kicks. Now, I really have to use my wits to keep the knuckle-heads from irritating me. One ought not let them see that such antics are upsetting, lest one becomes fair game. And so, as one "former student" who lives as a solitary misanthrope out there in society, as one who is easily irritated by such things as "being stared at," being teased, when incarcerated, when confronted with the wise guy play fiends I am bound to encounter in jails, I have to focus on remaining as CALM as possible. My nick-name is already, "STICKS AND STONES."

My sister's visit was quite helpful. She will renew my book and find out about jpay.com (how to set up phone credits so I can communicate with her & mom). I asked her to hold off on commissary money until I know about what kind of time I'll be facing. I was also informed by my sister that court 5/21 Friday will be VIDEO-COURT. It should be interesting. I wonder what my father can do.

What I do not want to write about: the unknown. I don't want to write about IF this happens and I lose my apartment, then ... blah blah blah over and over again. I want to write whatever comes to mind, like Dostoevsky's Underground Man. My last email to my mother I cc'd to my sister (to pass on to Dad). It was kind of prophetic. Mom had upset me accusing me of spending all my money on drugs. I had written back, "If you don't stop judging me, I will disappear and you won't hear a word from me again." It seems as though I have disappeared. I am more inaccessible than ever before. And yet I feel as though my mind is free. I have this inner realm to dive into, the same inner realm that I always have access to. In other words, my Kingdom is within me! Today one zek gave me boxer shorts and a cut up long johns t-shirt. These little bits of clothing help keep me a little warmer, and warmth means everything in this cold place. The other inmates (zeks) are not so cruel at all in here, the general population.

In that last email to my mother I had also mentioned that I live an incredibly lonely existence, and that I had no reason to even be alive, other than to develop as a "spiritual being." When one has truly let go and detached from possessions, when one is prepared for the death of the ego, the death of the "patterns of behavior." An event such as incarceration, especially if for a long period of time, crushes the entire universe. One enters a parallel dimension that is certainly not business-as-usual. The "brotherhood" one witnesses is humbling. "Doing time" becomes easier when one utilizes some of the great secrets, such as The Great Tiredness. The Great Tiredness is every bit as good as death. There is no pain here, just the outside world puffing itself up into significance. My spirit can "travel" at night, or during the day, in sleep or in trance states. My parents and my sister all are wondering how I must be feeling. I let my sister know that my strategy in here will involve keeping my spirits up so those who care about me will see in my face that my spirit is not yet broken.

 It is becoming clearer to me that death would be better than this jailhouse life. The drones who work for the system want me to believe in psychiatric medication and CPC Behavioral Health therapy. They expect my main goal in life to be to secure a job so as to be able to pay for a private psychiatrist? Somebody kill me, please!

A doctor in here asks me if I am depressed. No, I am thrilled to be a victim of the system. How am I supposed to feel? I was attacked by violent teenage females who were drinking beer out on the deck of a home I rent an apartment from. I was attacked! So I defended myself. I had what choice? Was I to hide in my apartment all night? Was that what I was to do? Evidently. So my broken cane was the deadly weapon, huh? Isn't life just so fucking maddening???

Life teaches us not to want it. I am fed up. Just how fed up am I? We shall see. I don't want to hear about "God" — that's for sure! I don't want to hear about "Justice" — is it justice that I am in a cage while the fat bitch who caused the agitation is out there terrorizing her next victim?

And that landlord of mine — all he cares about is money. Mr Sigman... If I end up moving somewhere else, he will not be missed. Asbury Park will not be missed. The justice system sucks. How much am I expected to endure before I really flip out? When will this Joe blow his stack?

I won't be released from this cage any time soon. Like Camus's Mersault from The Stranger, I really don't even have any motivation to ~~defend~~ struggle. The system itself is so fucking stupid that I don't want to waste my energy trying to convince it of my genuine innocence. Am I prepared to lose everything? Even my parents? What if I never see my mom or dad again?

 This is where I'm coming from now. I am reflecting on the life I've lived, and I find the entire struggle ridiculous. Most people who just go with the flow do so because kicking and screaming only makes things worse. Some people find everything so amusing; it's all some kind of joke. Others, like myself, can be quite serious. I understand why some existentialists stop caring, why Mersault does not cry at his mother's funeral. That is a crucial point. Me? Wouldn't I be devastated? And yet, what would agonizing over it do? She is better off dead, as am I, as are we all. Only a monster could harbor such thoughts, no? I'm afraid I will lose it when/if my mom dies before I do. And so, even without the novel in front of me (Camus's The Stranger), I can engage with the text.

I find this world absurd. My bones long to return to the Devil, to the earth.

5-20-2010 Thursday: During the night there were some inner transformations occurring in my psyche. How to explain? Part of the transformation was already beginning to take place after the email from my mother chastizing me about my inability to pay for "Mother's Day Dinner", when I responded with strong statements such as, "If you continue to judge me I will disappear and you won't hear from me again." as well as "You need me more than I need you. I've been emotionally independent since I was 13 years old." "I am losing patience. I've had it." "Maybe if I were born into a Native American family, my family would understand my rage." "This 'telephone/computer' world is getting old for me."

And now, this morning, in this jail cell, grumpy as all Hell, I conclude that my ~~sanity~~ mental progression ~~depends~~ ~~upon~~ will move deeper ~~upon~~ by focusing on the fact that this world is not inevitable.

 This world is not inevitable. What do I mean by this? This mass-society with its overseers (officers), guards, landlords, social workers, psychiatrists, doctors, judges, jails, schools...

This world that has been created by greedy, controlling, arrogant imperialists is not the real world, but an "artificial" construct. Why do I identify with a character like Hannibal Lector? Well, as a prisoner, he seemed calm and stoic, but in a flash could unleash the fury of his intellect. What am I capable of? I know that I see through much of the farce of polite society. While I may be physically encaged, at least my mind is free. I refuse to feel any guilt or remorse over the fact I have "infractions".

Those who have constructed our societies have constructed a zoo. I feel the scorn of the world and I just don't follow the social conventions. Well, this world is not inevitable. Now, I have been told by doctors in the past that I am psychopathically introverted. None of these labels intimidate me. I sneer at the professionals and experts. When I behold the judge dishing out his verdict, I immediately apply the 6 sacred words, "Nothing that is so, is so." It's a total farce.

Now, while it would be ideal to be as content as possible while incarcerated, isn't this being dishonest with myself? I heard an inmate scream in rage last night, and I felt this rage as well. Aren't we lying to ourselves when we pretend that it's not so bad? Or do we sense that were we to really let our true responses out, we would make our "trip" worse?

Some other inmates, just like in society, think everything is a joke. They "play" their way through each day, perhaps ignorant of the seriousness of our universal condition. Imagine Arthur Schopenhauer in the MCCI. Perhaps he would be moved to compassion. Perhaps something magical occurs when a "genius" who thinks independently (of states or theocracies) is forced to dwell among others who are cast out of mainstream society. Certain loud mouthed blockheads may gather to "attempt to taunt" the genius, while others may recognize qualities that might have something powerful to offer. This is what I refer to as "the spirit power". The sun shines powerfully today.

1/ Confusion. I had once written my mother email telling her that she needs me more than I need her. Today, when I went down for my visit, I faced an empty booth. It hurt my heart. I wondered if my mother ~~had~~ just didn't have enough patience to wait for me. It hurt bad.

And yet, a Black Woman told me that my mother came much too early. She was kind enough to explain to me that my mom expected me to be on the first group, and when she saw I wasn't there, she lost patience and left. I can't let this hurt me too much, even though I went and signed a form for her to pick up my keys to the apartment.

While I will not be angry at her or too upset, I realize that she is only willing to go so far... Neither she nor anyone else in the family has ever been incarcerated - I came 3300 miles to be here in Jersey, yet she can't wait a couple hours in the jailhouse to see me. I am seeing things all too clearly now. I don't care anymore.

5-23 SUNDAY

4/ I'm getting a little reputation in here, the jail, Pod I-1 specifically, as a writer-singer-comedian-"entertainment"-radical-thinker. The discussions out in the yard are becoming quite "political" and downright "revolutionary". The Twilight Zone? The Dead-Beat Geniuses of the Abyss have arrived at the Monmouth County Jail. Professor Think-Tank is holding sessions live and in living color... Hentuch hasn't been silenced. He's just moved into a parallel universe where his AKA is "Sticks & Stones".

5-23

Some new "Hentuch material":

I'd talk over a Baptist Preacher!

Listen, you soul-suckin' preacher - I got something to say! I was suckled by gorillas in a tree
I just whip it out when I gots to pee

"Hungry Henry & The Happy Homeless".

5/ I'm going to assume my mother wrote me some kind of letter on Friday after spending/wasting an entire day at the court in Asbury Park. If not, she surely must be planning on writing some kind of correspondance this evening. I have to believe this. Maybe by the middle of the week I will hear from her. I really am back in the dungeon. Still, my spirit is infecting the pod. I can tell. A bird keeps visiting me out in the yard. While the 5-23 geeks are "joking" about me, like Ignatius Reilly of A Confederacy of Dunces, I can't help but leave an impression on all those I encounter. They encounter me.

If I can remain calm and let others speak, if I can LISTEN, maybe we can get into some deep politico-philosophical discussions out in the yard. The yard seems best for singing, chanting, clowning, and philosophizing. This "Theoretician of Rebellion" is alive & kicking. I sure wish I could look at isis.phpbb3now.com. Times like these I really miss my nephew's presence in MY LIFE.

7/ Well, I got another pen off the guard and 4 more sheets of scrap paper. I had a few packets of pepper and a couple packets of salt. I put them in a cup of hot water. New invention? Salt & Pepper Soup! Something for the soul. Ah, but what is the soul? Is there a soul? Now we are getting into a spontaneous poetic philosophy ~~seance~~ seance. Whatever transmutations and internal changes/events occur while I am encaged, won't these remain part of my "character"/"personality" upon my release?

My instincts tell me, that my mother is fed up with the system. When I am in jail, she is in jail, and she wishes to just forget about it, go home, relax, and let me get through it, however it is I manage to get through such things.

As of now, how I am getting through is by experimental writing on scraps of paper and drinking hot water I mixed with spare salt & pepper packets. My spirits somehow have lifted.

But I want to proceed into poetic philosophy. There is no literature worth reading in here. I don't want to study the Bible or the Qu'aaran. I'm not into SLAVE RELIGIONS that are a product of land acquisition, colonization, and military conquest. Steve Toltz, through his characters Martin Dean & Jasper Dean says that there is no soul. What is my SPIRIT? What is soul? I don't need a book. I shall write my own. With no rhyme or reason.

8/ Over the next 4 days I will have to write on whatever scrap paper I can find, but come Thursday, the 27th of May, an entire week before the 3rd of June, I will have broken through to the otherside, to a state of delight only experienced by jailbirds and mental patients. Then my daily ritual transforms as I can write away to my hearts content, writing about everything, from the dissatisfaction about the small portions of food to the little bird that keeps visiting me in the yard. There is definitley a Confederacy of Dunces feel to my reality. Instead of fat freak Ignatius, we have skinny freak Heinrich. What parallels are there? The brothers and sisters of African descent. There are countless stories... the Hero's Journey, practically universal. We're in this together. All of us. I wonder if I might be able to add a little cheer, delight, magic, or wonder to the lives I encounter in here. What is my purpose? My purpose and my spirit are One. I don't have "a" soul. I have soul. Soul is not a thing. Soul is a Quality.

9/ Back to ~~the~~ that song I was working on: Stone Age Baby

I'm a Stone-Age Baby with a Space-Age Mama
Sometimes I wish I'd had been raised by ~~wolves~~ wolves
So tired of all this legalistic drama
Go back 20,000 years, I wish I could
Find my original mama, I think I should
Uh-oh, now you better knock on wood

Suckled by a gorilla up in a tree
I just whip it out when I gots to pee
No more policeman to bother me
So ~~this~~ this is how it feels to be free
Now ~~Living~~ ~~Today~~ Living in this world's got me
feeling like a goddamn schizophrenic chimpanzee

10/ Some people, certain individuals are so ignorant and misinformed. Just because I told some knuckle-dragging bulked up "Mr Stud" that I have no use for the Bible or the Quran'an - that I prefer blasphemy ... that Judaism, Christianity, Islam, and the wretched "Holy Books" had done more damage than ~~any~~ good, he immediately presumes I listen to "Heavy Metal". He raises his arm and says "Heil Hitler."

The Bible is bullshit. The Koran is a lie. Haven't I faced this kind of braindead, kneejerk persecution throughout my life? What I want to write is an unwriteable book. What thoughts are forbidden in this brave new world of politically correct speech? Why am I even sweating literature when I can write my own perfectly legitamit literature? Why are there so many Bibles available to jailbirds? I really have no peers. If I don't bow down before Jehova, YHWH, or Allah, then I'm categorized as a National Socialist? How ignorant are these masses of duped "God-fearing" disciples of Fear & Intimidation?

Why is it that not even my mother has the intellect to appreciate that Lucifer, the fallen angel, is the most heroic character in the entire Abrahamic mythology? The fact is that, just because some truths are very clear to me does not mean they are clear to all. I guess I am going through similar experiences and revelations as Number Seven (AH)

11/ In this parallel universe called MCCI, in pod I₁, there is a back-corner conference room where peeps sit and study the Bible (or Quran I guess). Frustrated with the TV-Land mentality of the novels floating around the tier, I ventured to ask the guard's permission if I could go in and take a look amongst the Bibles for something actually worth reading. I'm not too fond of the Bible; and this revulsion I have is ~~so~~ affirmed by playwright Christopher Marlowe (Kit Marley), a great blaspheming heretic of the 1500's. I must confess I am rather excited to be once again in an environment where my utter uniqueness and rare ~~quality~~ intellectuality is apparent even to me. Now more than ever I sense I am blessed with a presence-of-mind quite powerful in spirit... the likes of a Cioran. Also, I can't help but reminisce about some of the more intelligent rants of one who is most despised by the modern capitalist industrial society represented by "the United States of America", where "Freedom is not free". So, the "Twilight-Zone" peculiarity of this move I made, the discovery of 2 books hidden amidst the so-called Holy Books, inspires me to believe I ~~have~~ am in some kind of "THIS PERFECT DAY"-MATRIX. ~~Ca~~ Besides the ©1998 novel "30-seconds", which begins with paramilitaries landing in a chopper and wiping out a village of "Indians" in a matter of seconds, there is another book that has captured my attention: The title alone —

12/ — is rather comical if not brilliant :

An Almanac of Complete World Knowledge Compiled With Instructive Annotation and Arranged in Useful Order by Me, John Hodgman, a Professional Writer, in THE AREAS OF MY EXPERTISE. ©2005 !!!

Holy Hot Dog! What a title. Anyway. I am out of scrap paper, so, it is best I distract myself with some reading. These 2 obscure books ought to sustain me for my time encaged. I'm counting on my mother to have dropped off the $100 → 50 for processing fee, 50 for commissary. Then I will have 2 legal pads. I'll be able to explore my ideas.

This John Hodgman is hilarious! I am about to enter a parallel universe. In fact, discovering this text at this time makes me feel extremely alive, like I am the hero/anti-hero of an adventure. I'm sick of people thinking I'm some kind of Adolf Hitler-worshipping "Aryan Christ". What I am is an extremely AWARE albinic descendant of Original Man; and I am as much a child of the Sun as the darkest pigmented creatures. I know there are no superior races. I know there is no such thing as a "white race". This makes me a unique rare specimen. There are intellectually superior INDIVIDUALS!

I may use the backs of these pages to take notes from Hodgman's "Expertise"

(13)

(lame)

p60 → Who is French absurdist Ionesco?

It is the responsibility of the Housing Unit Officer to turn this form into the Medical Department at the end of the 2 – 10 shift.

Rev. 04/10/07 MED-006

20	p44 : Self-satisfied loner	flouts irrational ideas, reveals
19	absurdity of society,	congratulates himself.
18		
17	p45 True talent over-	looked in favor of kiss-asses
16		
15	p75 He promised "to	rip the smooth white skin off American
14	literature and expose	the spreading tumor of 'spineless,'
13	mediocre 'fiction' that	is eating the weak, atrophied
12	muscle of art,	and then to clean the wound
11	I made with the	chewing maggots of my words."
10		
9		
8		
7		
6		

Caveman Carl

17/ All things considered, I feel great. More specifically, I feel invigorated. Using my skills to serve a brother in need who has also been abused by the police departments of Monmouth County gives me a sense of satisfaction I could not get from a "job". In fact, I could not have experienced this little victory if I were not incarcerated myself. The inches we need are all around us! That's what living is!

I have to take some notes from this John Hodgman dude: "Gradually training yourself over many years in the art of the grift, slowly gaining the trust of the criminal community, and gradually becoming your enemy so that you may finally crush him or her with one final, ultimate swindle is called "Chuckling the Kingboy" and is considered to be the greatest con of all."

My spirit is feeling strong today. I am at the point that I have enough literature! I will finish and "pass off" Hodgman's <u>The Areas of My Expertise</u> today. Then I have 3 other books to occupy my hungry brain with while I wait for this system to shoot me out of its tubes. Should I be shocked with some kind of 6 month sentence, well, then I lose much and will have to process the shock and injustice. For now, I smell freedom.

18/ What is this entity eminently unknowable and synonymous with nature, called "Mithras"? I call her "Queen Isis". "...Transcendentalist gangs wandering around drinking wine and loudly having spiritual intuitions."

I really am blown away by the brotherhood I find here on pod I, (I. LOST). My heart is on fire! This was well worth returning to New Jersey for... 3300 miles from those jealous haters out in the Seattle area. I even prophesized that I might be incarcerated for something or another shortly after returning to Asbury Park, New Jersey; but the fact remains, I really havent committed much of a crime. Also, even were I to lose the apartment, lose section 8, lose SSD, lose everything, I still am ME. I can still get some kind of welfare upon my release from this dungeon; and if I am forced into the workforce, then I will live in Freehold, goddamnit. I'll rent a room at Pepe's.

The problem with me being employed is that I'm a freakin' madman! Like Randal Patrick MacMurphy from "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," my presence has some kind of hypnotic effect on the other inmates. I am not imagining this. We are having some fun here.

25 May 2010 Tuesday

To the authorities and those who defer to the collective hallucinations of the dominant culture, with my body locked in this system of cages, they appear to be in control. I am in a container meant to break my spirit, to take the "fight" out of me, to depress me, to condition me, to train me to behave and submit to Power. Isn't this the so-called "Lord"? Well, well, well... If so, if I am to use the language of the colonizers of our minds, then I can say the Devil is alive & kicking in me, that my Spirit is strong, and that I am proving to be highly tenacious, resilient, and possessed with love.

I continue to be a scholarly professor. As a natural born mystic, I have no need of temple or university. Those who think they are in control can't touch my INNER SELF, my TRIBAL SELF. My spirit bonds with other spirits locked in these cages with me. We become a Tribe of sorts. While I continue to read The Count of Monte Cristo, I am also skimming Angels & Demons for the deeper, "spiritual," knowledge I thirst for. Yes, I am a complicated creature. I wonder if the spirit-power within me is evident to those who encounter my energy-field. Do others behold the grandeur of my being?

21 / 5-25 Tuesday | While The Count of Monte Cristo will surely be a great reading experience, I pause to reflect upon deeper, more philosophical questions: Where do we come from? What are we doing here? What is the meaning of life and the universe? Surely, my paternal-paternal-great-grandfather and other ancestors are with me now and have been with me for some time. The Grandfathers of the Universe behold me RIGHT NOW. They have guided me to the texts I explore. I am a Vessel of Abraxas!

Moving right along, I guess. I just got my hands on the Verification of Incarceration form just in case I am detained for having missed count (for disorderly conduct, resisting arrest, obstructing justice) on May 21st.

Today I have been eating very well... brothers/comrades have been blessing me with extra food, just enough to get me into the Kingdom of Heaven Within Me. My suffering is at a minimum. Maybe I really am developing as a "spiritual being." I wonder if the Nameless Librarian even misses me coming through. By now, she must be somewhat concerned about my sudden disappearance. Brenda Moss saw the ordeal of the police taking me away Monday 5-17-2010... Surely she has told many people... George surely misses me.

22/ It is kind of magical how peaceful I feel. Who could imagine the bliss I am capable of feeling when I am able to detach from concerns? My anxiety level is low. Maybe "my spiritual development" entails becoming a "cool cat" who isn't "broken" by police, prosecutors, judges, landlords, social workers, psychiatrists, ministers, thugs, gang-bangers, or anyone else. Hollywood is certainly over-rated. The hero's journey is more subtle. Like these scribblings, the hero's journey takes place obscurely and out of sight.

When the time comes for my animal body to be released from these cages, while I will be free to roam, I will remember how alone I am in facing this world. I will try to visit my mother more often, spending time with her. I look forward to getting some bud, some tobacco, and spending time with my mother. I also long to walk down the railroad tracks in Freehold with a bottle of Mad Dog and going out into the fields & woods of what was "Beltaine Farm" to sing, chant, and possibly scream.

... Transcendental Mystic wandering around drinking wine and loudly having spiritual intuitions...

Having been out of Jersey for over a year and back for only 2½ months, my present absence may be noticed.

25/ In Camus's novel, The Stranger, he begins it with something like, "Mother died today. It could have been yesterday." Reading this adventure The Count of Monte Cristo, while I am enjoying the read, has got me thinking that my kind of writing is of a totally different "genre" than the kind that is "marketed." I am nothing like Dumas, eh? I am not ambitious. I have this peculiar sensation this evening ... like a premonition that what I write can only be appreciated by a handful of readers.

It does me no good to sit around criticizing those around me. I have no desire to "entertain" or to write a screenplay for a Blockbuster movie ... or to be a celebrity. I do want to explore my emotions, ideas; basically, I wish to focus my attention on my "inner life". I have no desire to be a Schopenhauer. There is only one Schopenhauer. While I am more like Cioran, I cant be a Cioran either ... and, yet, spiritually, intellectually, and psychologically, if not "historically," I am a "philosophical descendant" of Emile M. Cioran. I don't write any system. I consider myself Philosophy in the Flesh. In fact, when I am released from captivity, if my website is still in tact, I will rename myself Philosophy in the Flesh. What will I rename the website ???

STICKS & STONES: a radicalized intellectual blood-bank in the midst of a spiritual wasteland. The name "Sticks & Stones" coming directly to me from MCCI, I, .

As long as I am not a "professional writer" or trying to entertain or instruct an "audience," I am really free to write whatever the fuck I want to write. Also, as I am a jailbird, the moment I get bored with one book, there is no reason not to switch. Just because The Count of Monte Cristo is everyone's favorite piece of literature does not mean that I wouldn't enjoy Lucky Jim more. After all, isn't Kingsley Amis ~~much~~ writing more about the reality we all live in? Isn't it more psychologically realistic? The character Edmond Dantes is going to be like a "superhero," whereas the character Dixon is more existentially authentic. And this is what I am into: AUTHENTICITY.

26/ 5-26-2010 Wednesday... On my mind upon awakening is the film, "The Jacket":

"Be calm! Be calm! Always ordering you to be calm. Orders come from the top only. ~~They order you to order me to be calm.~~ They order you to order me to be calm. Be calm. How the fuck are we supposed to be calm? Look at this place! Don't let them order you around, Hentrich! Organization for the Organized!"

Books. Books. Books. What about the living story? What about incommunicable ideas? For my head only. Agitated? Irritated? I am sick of the cock-sure arrogance of those employed by the system who seem to assume we all will be well-behaved little monkeys. It's all I can do to keep calm. It is ironic (is this the right word?) that the book that would appear to be "boring," Lucky Jim by Kingsley Amis, is the one that speaks to me most clearly, the one that reveals the most authentic worldview. Angels & Demons is "sensationalistic," and The Count of Monte Cristo is a precursor to every Hollywood adventure where the hero comes back for revenge after being abused, but there is a certain quality in Lucky Jim that reminds me of Salinger's Catcher in the Rye.

In Lucky Jim, there are little gems such as this one from Alfred Beesly: "A stimulus cannot be received by the mind unless it serves some need of the organism." Because books are so scarce in here, others are waiting to read The Count of Monte Cristo. I'm currently on p. 153 of the 620 page saga. Is it distracting me from zeroing in, from focusing the laser beam of my attention on this obscure peice of literature that a mind such as mine can really appreciate?

Isn't this a kind of comical situation, where I have to sneak around reading an obscure little book that I am drawn to because I feel "obligated" to read a more popular book that was lent to me? It is an honor to be given Dumas's book to read, and I don't want to appear an ingrate, but I have to ask myself, "What am I drawn to?" Who is a more authentic character, James Dixon or Edmond Dantés? Of course, James Dixon. Needless to say, I will get into what I am drawn to, even if that makes it appear like I'm turning my nose up at the honor. In the meantime, I am living in my skin with my own imagination, with my own incommunicable ideas firing, exerting much patience dealing with those in my immediate environment who continue to test me and order me around!

27 / 5-26 WED | While I may be angry at the arrogance of this system, and losing patience with all those arrogant enough to boss myself and others around as if we were soldiers in the army, I am not angry at my mother or father for their total inability to get me out of this "pickle". If I can get some commissary tomorrow, I am sure to calm down. It is best to remain calm, but sometimes I just want to scream. Writing becomes a sort of "silent scream" where I am able to unleash the rage without facing the consequences of revealing this rage. If I get a visit today, then this will clarify some things for me. I can't count on anyone since my sister usually has some activity going on to puff her life up into significance, and my mother - well, she's often such a bundle of nerves, asking her to "face the traffic on rt 70" to visit me is really asking quite a lot.

The reader will note my sarcasm. This is a form of rage. I don't even have to try. Such is the depth of ~~my~~ the dark-minded satire of my imagination and mental attitude. My entire worldview is one in which I piss on conventional values from a considerable height. Writing my "forbidden thoughts" is a direct and powerful strategem for Mental Freedom! When writing, I can be honest. No more politeness. No more Mr. Nice Guy!

Iconoclast or Iconoclyst? There is a certain amount of satisfaction I derive realizing that the predictability of the Dumas adventure, The Count of Monte Cristo, leaves me bored. Putting the book down in favor of my own imagination or an obscure text such as Amis's Lucky Jim satisfies my iconoclastic tendencies. Like Ignatius Reilly ridiculing Mark Twain or exposing the farce that is Obama in front of the Obama-zombies, it just ~~g~~ tickles me pink!!! Kingsley Amis's "literary voice" is much closer to my own. Besides, Lucky Jim is comedic. I am drawn to comedy. My goodness - the pricelessness of laughter!!! Also, Alexandre Dumas, back when he wrote, got paid "by the line" in periodicals, right? Wouldn't he tend to "pad his work" with descriptions and details? What one chooses to focus the lasar-beam of attention on is no small matter. It is everything. How does the obscure Lucky Jim text serve this organism better than popular The Count of Monte Cristo? Satire. Humor. Comedy is my thing. I'm not into "super-heroes". I'm into "anti-heroes."

One thing I not only notice but am heavily disgusted and infuriated by is the way fellow-prisoners tend to enforce the stupid petty rules of the jail as much as the guards. So many inmates seem to get off on ordering others around. My own cell-mate sometimes gets on my nerves with this kind of fascistic behavior. Needless to say, I'm fed up. How rebels become tools of fascism when they start enforcing stupid rules on the real rebel. I am the real rebel. I'm on the verge of a major transmutation. I refuse to pay deference to the pecking order or the hierarchy.

Is it possible I could be released ROR before June 7th? Wouldn't that be great? Yes, I've just about had as much fun here as I can handle, and I've got a good firm grasp of the attitude I have toward this goddamn world and the people in it. I'm furious at the parties responsible for my encagement. With "ETG" and "ROR" in mind, I'm going to focus on one book at a time, starting with Kingsley Amis's Lucky Jim. These fuckers who work for the system are a pack of slugs, and the inmates who crawl up the asses of the authorities are no better... like Napoleon's secret police units comprised of felons who work for the system. I am not an ordinary jailbird, but one who defies hierarchies and pecking orders. My rage will be unleashed on bullies who underestimate my spirit-power.

I have to prepare my mind for the possibility that I will not receive any commissary tomorrow. Then I can really begin to brood and sulk, and nobody will be able to subdue me, ~~pass~~ pacify me, or CALM ME.

As of now, perhaps my PRESENCE is becoming more clear. The spirit-power in me is not even under my own control. I am also an observer of this unfolding reality. If I should get railroaded and lose my residence, then I will no longer have to answer to landlords. No! I'll always have to deal with some kind of "landlord" or manager. Many of the people living on the fringes in Asbury Park and the entire Jersey Shore area are in constant danger of being locked up by the police for the most ridiculous infractions! It is definitely a police-state. Hell, I can feel these internal changes occuring in me. I'm becoming as bold as love and as fierce as hate.

Chapter One: Surprise! Surprise! An Indictable ? Felony!

27 May 2010 Thursday My sister and my brother-in-law came by the jail with bad news: The locks have been changed on the door on Apt 9 at 311 7th Ave. That's not the bad news. The court hearing for June 7th has been cancelled as these latest charges, aggravated assault with a deadly wooden cane, are being sent to the Grand Jury as an indictable offense (a felony). Now, unless this Kjeshayla Lewis, age 13, withdraws her complaint, I am facing serious jailtime, possibly prison, even though I was the one who was attacked and provoked at the residence where I rent. It was a mistake taking this apartment in Asbury Park, and yet, I had to get out of Federal Way, away from Seattle and my nephew's web of confusion.

And so, here I am, uncertain of my future, missing my kitchen, coffee machine, and tobacco. Each day is still a day in my life, and I am still the ape I am. My mind is not going to atrophy in here, and lack of tobacco will not kill me.

My brother-in-law will retrieve my pouch (ATM card, driver's license), check book, and library book. He will meet landlord Marshal Sigman when he is ready to pick the stuff up. At least I can rest knowing the library book that Asbury Park Public Library ordered specifically for me is back there – A Fraction of the Whole by Steve Toltz. I wonder if a librarian will inquire as to my whereabouts. My brother-in-law will tell her, the Nameless One, that I am in the county jail? In the novel, A Fraction of the Whole, the protagonist, Jasper Dean, begins and ends his story from a prison cell! Hilarious? Ironic? Hocus Pocus? Flipping the script! My sister is proving to be a most precious source of contact with reality. She does not think I will be released any time soon. Mom wants me to get a phone card ASAP.

There is a good chance that Charlie "the Book Man" will be ready to pass off Dostoyevsky's Crime & Punishment tomorrow, so I will be up tonight trying to finish Amis's Lucky Jim. I showered in cold water tonight and am very "cozily content", with a substantial "coffee buzz" from the overpriced instant coffee. Before I leave here, I, I will write down the names of two books Charlie would really enjoy reading in here: John Kennedy Toole's A Confederacy of Dunces and Steve Toltz's A Fraction of the Whole.

{?}

Is it possible for me to grow closer to my mother while I'm locked away in this zoo? I think so. Should I consider relocating somewhere near "Brick" next year in order to bond more frequently with my mom?

{?}

The fact that I was sentenced to 28 days for disorderly conduct for my "April charges" means that I would have been going to jail anyway even had I not been taken into custody ten days ago. Now, this current upcoming charge is going to be made out to be a felony. Perhaps it will help me get out of the contract/lease I signed for the residence at 311 7th Ave in Asbury Park. I don't want to live in Red Bank either. Matawan seems to be trouble too. The Prison is inescapable, but the police of Asbury Park and Neptune really have me pegged as a suicidal alcoholic freak. What I am is an unstable phenomenon who refuses to be a slave. What I am is the EYES, EARS, and CONSCIENCE of The Creator of the Universe.
change my name, the site name, & description.

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Change my name, the site name, a description.

*[At this point in my life, there is no need to "discover" my literary voice. I can develop this Voice, but it has already made itself clear time and time again. The animal-mind-body awakens, leaping out of bed to grab its tray of farina, banana, and bread. It mixes the over-priced packets of coffee with the lukewarm tea from the jailhouse kitchen. It says to its cell-mate, C.W. (31), "We are living in exciting times, during the collapse of Western Civilization."

Among the ruins, it is unlikely that anything I have written will be salvaged. Then again, in order to continue my work as a Mad Prophet, (GENIUS) I will write as if there will be an audience, as if there will be acolytes of my mysterious cult following. Imagine, readers, that I am among those unfortunates who have landed in a time & place where there are such things as jailhouses, schoolhouses, churches, armies, police, soldiers, zoos, scientific laboratories where animals are dissected and abused, mental asylums, "resource wars," and ~~an endless~~ melting ice caps.

Arthur Schopenhauer, who can be called, simply, "Schopenhauer," since his individuality stood out amongst his "family-line" as some kind of "Superfreak of Nature," called for us to put an end to this absurd species by not reproducing. Emile M. Cioran, who we can refer to as, simply, "Cioran," took that council to heart. Neither he nor Schopenhauer reproduced. Cioran did not feel any compulsion to create any kind of "system of philosophy," which puts him eons beyond such charlatans as Hegel and even modern professors and academics who arrogantly attempt to map out categories of lived-experience into elaborate systems, programs, and sciences of the mind.

The longer I live, the more convinced I become that I, Michael William Hentrich, to be remembered as "Hentrich," perhaps, or even as Wilhelm Heinrich, may be among these philosophers even if I do not publish a single essay. In my presence I am such a philosopher. Though circumstances and historical patterns may place me more in situations like Solzhenitsyn, because of my sense of the utter lack of "readers" among my contemporaries, mixed with my Cioranesque rebellion against themes, structure, and standardization, I am among the ~~of~~ freethinkers who thumb their noses up at the established "publishing industry," opting instead to create in the manner of the ancient scribes and prophets of pre-industrialized human societies. My nephew has criticized my scribblings as egotistical & pathetic rantings since I am prone to fall in love with unattainable women and then obsessively scribble about them during drunken psychotic fits.

In my fantastic imagination, this incarceration, no matter how long the duration, is to be a birthing process where Michael William Hentrich transmutates into Wilhelm Heinrich. Whatever "section" these present scribblings end up being in the overall collection of Memoirs, I would like to type them up and post them at my website when I am released. This section most likely will simply be reffered to as "More Jail Writings 2010". The actual title, Experiments in Poetic Philosophy, will most likely be reserved for the "work" or "project" that is worthy of such a title, perhaps some post-humously published collection of rants put together by a literary archeologist in the future.

2

CRANKING IT UP A NOTCH!

*[While out in the yard, after I had been talking to my "Shadow," babbling about how "the Devil" is just the dude who happens to be more intelligent than the soul-sucking preacher and the servile, obedient sheep in the congregation who are all too quick to turn State's evidence on a mother-fucker, all of the sudden, Charlie the Book Dealer told me, "People think you're crazy, but I say you're a free-spirit. It's great. Keep being a free spirit!"

A little while later, while I was getting into reading Kingsley Amis's Lucky Jim, the comedic dude ( ), Charley's right-hand man, called me over with a sense of urgency. He had his radio on, tuning in the song "It's Still Rock n Roll To Me" by Billy Joel. He placed the headphones on me and let it rip! That song is in my blood, for it seemed to sing itself through my body... "If there's a new man in town but you can't get the sound from a story in no magazine aimed at your average teen. How about a pair a pink sidewinders and a bright orange pair of pants. You could really be a Bobrumma baby if you just give it half a chance" etc... and so on "Hot funk, cool punk, even if its only junk, it's still rock n roll to me"... Next phase, new wave, dance craze, anyway. It's still rock n roll to me."]

Change my name, the site name, & description.

So, upon realizing that I stand to be homeless upon my release, my life situation goes from bad to worse. Life is not worth living and our species is an accident that never should have been. I was accidently called down for a visit today. Of course, no one was there for me. Mom has officially vowed not to visit me, not because of me, but because of the environment and the controlling attitudes of the guards. My sister just came by with my brother-in-law on Thursday. My father is in Boston. Who else would come by? Does Gilroy even know I'm in here? Maybe after I move my bowels, I might be able to articulate this mood brewing in me.

*[I'm on the downslide, moving into darker waters of my psyche; perhaps darker moods are what is necessary for writing my "insane manifesto". Keeping my spirits up everyday becomes a challenge when one of my turns takes me into raw truth. Surely my manifesto or memoirs are not meant to entertain nor even to instruct, but actually written for me so that I, myself, might discover what I think and feel.

In sadness or even depression, I can lay down and rest with the knowledge that there is nothing to be had in this world. Fate is cruel, and mankind is pitiable.

Today is the 30th. I was locked up on the 17th. What have I missed? There are truths one hides from others. There are truths one won't even admit to oneself. Cioran tells me that I ought not write books unless I am going to reveal in them things I would not reveal to anyone. So, what have I missed these past couple of weeks that I have been in the custody of the Monmouth County Sheriff's Department? I've missed mornings of eggs, coffee, pancakes, WBAI, George mooching coffee off me, begging for quarters for beer, travelling to Freehold only to be sent back empty handed... You see, dear reader, while my inner life may be rich, I still have to face the conclusions I have come to: life is not worth living.]

(16) *[Feeling lower in spirit than I have since being arrested and taken into custody, I awoke just to get evening chow when I discovered that Charly the Book Dealer had ~~dropp~~ snuck in my cell and placed Dostoyevsky's Crime & Punishment on my shelf. I smiled. The main character, Raskolnikov, is a "sensitive intellectual" driven by poverty to feel he is above moral law. He is a "former student". Nietzsche says Dostoyevsky is the only psychologist he has anything to learn from. My two favorite Russian authors are Solzhenitsyn and Dostoyevsky. They are no joke. They are not comedians. They are serious thinkers, serious intellectuals. Is the only possible "solution" to my current "situation"/dilemma to simply become ever deeper? Yes, perhaps even a touch of insanity, at this point, is not only necessary, but inevitable. In my word, in my bearing, in my attitude and facial expression, I will become ever deeper. Will my ever-deepening depths be perceptible to passersby and loved ones?

At this point, no effort is necessary.] I have nothing to prove to this world. I am not here to entertain, and few would be humble enough to be instructed by my Teachings. I am glad I mentioned the "Book Dealer" and how his family is sending book after book to him in the mail. I am glad I mentioned CRIME & PUNISHMENT. Maybe my sister will check it out. Will I ever go from "wooden can" to "battle axe"? I doubt it, but my life is a testament to the psychological truths explored by Dostoyevsky. I am a sensitive intellectual. I am Wilhelm Heinrich aka "Professor Think-Tank" — a dead-beat genius of the abyss. I don't know what I will name myself upon my release, but I am leaning toward Philosophy in the Flesh. Wilhelm Heinrich is also tempting for several reasons having to do with my anti-American spirit. There is much heated & passionate discussion concerning Truth and the origins of "the original dark-pigmented African Hebrews". My own truth is about becoming an anti-body to attack the cancer of the earth which is industrial civilization itself.

change my name, the site name, a description.

CRANKING IT UP A NOTCH

[Let me tell you, dear readers, the atmosphere within pod I, of MCCI on Waterworks Road in Freehold is electrifying! Intellectual debates are energized to a whole new pitch. Reading Dostoyevsky in this environment makes apparent the depth and universality of his psychological insights. As is my manner, I am compelled to take some notes from CRIME & PUNISHMENT. I was reading this section of the text in the midst of "religious" and "racial" debates going on between Afrocentric brothers, some Jehova Witness, some Muslim, others neutral. I stayed out of it, but my presence was noted. I read this section of Dostoyevsky's novel quite loudly with passion ... another voice added to the mix.]

Somehow, my towel is missing. I'll have to request another one or else I won't be bathing again. Anyway, [the passage from CRIME & PUNISHMENT: "Do you think," Razumikhin cried out, raising his voice still higher, "do you think I care if they talk nonsense? Hogwash! I love nonsense! Talking nonsense is man's only privilege that distinguishes him from all other organisms. If you keep talking big nonsense, you will get to sense! I am a man, therefore I talk nonsense. Nobody ever got to a single truth without talking nonsense fourteen times first. Maybe even a hundred and fourteen. That's alright in its own way. We don't even know how to talk nonsense intelligently, though! If you're going to give me big nonsense, better make it your own big nonsense, and I'll kiss you for it. Talk nonsense in your own way. That's almost better than talking sense in somebody else's. In the first case, you're a man; in the second just a parrot! Sense will always be there, but life can be fenced in. There have been some sad cases. Well, what about us now? We are all - without exeption, I tell you, in science, thought, culture, engineering, ideals, aspirations, in our liberalism, reason, experience, everything, everything, everything, everything, everything - we still sit in the freshman class in high school! We would rather live off other people's ideas - that's what we're used to! Not so? Isn't what I'm saying really so?" Razumikhin shouted, shaking and squeezing the ladies' hands. "Isn't it so?"]

(18) After a great lunch of hamburger & 2 hot dogs & ice cream in which I was able to trade an icecream for another burger, I went down for an intentional nap. I slept for an hour. Within that hour I experienced dreams. I was in Freehold, but the trains were operating. I was waiting for a train when I heard music. It was Mexican music. I ran over to see a mock-parade. A Mexican dude was with a turkey and a couple other foul/birds. I was yahooing.

Suddenly, peaches and apples were being thrown at me. A mock-battle! I began catching some fruit and whipping them back at the perpetrators. I ran back to the train station and a joker informed me that the train already left. I knew he was lying.

On the TV a baseball game is playing, and I can't help but be agitated by it. What utter nonsense! So much money and attention is given to these morons and their organized sports. It is insulting.

One dare not speak too boldly against these morons lest the fans mock you and wonder if you're some kind of queer. Now there's a hot topic for an essay that is guarenteed to repel the many who I don't want as an audience, and attract the few readers worthy of my mysterious scribblings. Yankees-dot-fucking-com; give me a break.

One day closer to commissary when I will have a phone card. It seems that my mother really doesn't miss me too much at all. I haven't seen her since May 8th, Mother's Day. I sit here writing, and I attempt to insult the zeks sitting around clapping over a "grand slam". The Yankees playing some poor suckers (THE INDIANS) in New York. Of course I'm grouchy and cranky and misanthropic, feeling quite superior to the masses. But of course. I wonder if my sister will get the hint — me requesting a brand spanking new copy of Toole's A Confederacy of Dunces be sent to the county jail for me to read and pass around — and leave here. In another dream, my sister seemed upset about something I had written.

change my name, the site name, & description.

CRANKING IT UP A NOTCH

Perhaps I'll get a job and sleep on a Chicana's sofa, licking her between her thighs, mounting her, falling in love, making bebes. I will not worry. I am truly a free-spirit, now and forever a free spirit.

*[My Internet project at isis.phpbb3now.com seems to be dead, but I posted my Memoirs (1986-1998) just prior to my arrest - under Book Projects. That has to be appreciated by some... It's got the dirty details of the "Park Years". Twelve years later, here I am again.] Once again, "sober since May 18th". This time I do not plan on staying sober. No. It's a whole different now, now. My mother has been so thoroughly brainwashed by Alcoholics Anonymous that she really believes all that bullshit. I'm fed up. Give me a goddamned beer! As soon as I am released, there must be some kind of celebration that involves Federici's and our little tribe dining in public in Freehold: me, Mom, Dad, sister Tami, brother-in-law Joe, and my 2 beautiful nieces... This is something I am looking forward to. Yes, I also want to take my sister out for lunch sometime around October 5th. This experience - yet another incarceration - is surely a wake-up call; but it will not deter me from drinking, smoking, and yelling in public. Hell no! It just makes me that much more determined to do as I please, to do as I will!

I will not apologize. I'm the one who is getting fucked over again. "Crime is a protest against the abnormality of the social order!"

[Some notes from the Introduction to Crime & Punishment: The "autobiographical spiritual journey" consists of 3 stages. It begins in a condition of aversio, a turning away from God and toward things of the world, the flesh, and the devil. In a condition of aversio, one is given to misunderstanding the nature of life. Aversio, according to Augustine, is the common condition of all humanity. For the truly lost, it persists an entire lifetime; for those who obtain grace, it is the first stage on the journey to salvation." Some zeks go to "Bible study". Hentrich studies Dostoyevsky!]

(24) There is no stopping me. Putting me in the county jail does not stop me. Taking away ~~from~~ my residence in Asbury Park does not stop me. I am a drifter, a free-spirit who will, quite easily, survive on the fringes of society. My presence is larger than life. That I see my sister and mother in dreams is significant. Also, that Raskolnikov's mother and sister are significant to him in Dostoyevsky's *Crime & Punishment* makes me that much more aware of my likeness to that "sensitive intellectual" driven by poverty to believe he is exempt from moral law.

I will go out into the yard to sit in the sunshine, which is to say, to worship the Sun, Our Primal God, Lucifer, the Bearer of Light! The two human creatures closest to me, my mother and my sister, would not be able to comprehend my literary fascination with "Satan". My mother claims "Satan" to be her enemy. Why are some things clear to minds like Zamyatin (author of *We*) and yet so ~~so~~ incomprehensible to the masses, including those closest to me? How is it that the Anti-Christ is so Christ-like in mannerisms and humble social status?

Why am I so "emotional" today? Who am I? What am I? What's next? Why am I feeling so tender today? Isn't this the "Father, let this cup pass before me" experience? Is it possible to detach from taking anything personal? Could I experience the universal experience of being an human organism trapped in a prison within a prison within a prison?

I also dreamt of being at B's. Within a couple days, he will either (1) think I am angry with him (2) think I think he doesn't want me coming through (3) suspect I am locked up in jail. Contradictions: Does the Anti-Christ wet his bed? What does this fantasy compensate for if not my sense of being utterly pathetic?

Change my name, the site name, a description.

[illegible] is [illegible] me from [illegible].

{CHAPTER FOUR}

6-1-2010 Tuesday

STARING INTO THE ABYSS

Once again I am interrogated about my "beliefs"; expected to answer such things as "Do you believe you have a spirit or a soul?" Yes, I guess I must "believe", but does my belief even matter? As Steve Toltz points out in A Fraction of the Whole, when one denies belief in a soul or a spirit, ~~as in~~ a disembodied mental creature, it stirs others to stress. Why do "believers", be they Christian or Muslim, insist that a "Supreme Being" allows one to live, as if being alive were this great gift? I expressed that man creates god in his own image. This is clear to me. The more diverse assortment of men I encounter, the more I realize that the arrogance I once attributed to the "European Molar Man" can be found throughout the gene pool of the human species. Human arrogance. There is also a deference to the authority of the imperialist. It sickens me to witness that one imperialist religion is as wretched as the next. The Native Americans were much closer to the life processes. There is no reaching "believers".

~~Only~~ When I say I find life to be purposeless, someone wants to direct me to a "40 day program for living a purpose-driven life", ~~as~~ or I am directed to a pack of lies; the Bible or the Koran. I prefer Schopenhauer or Cioran. An honest man is always in conflict with the believer who presumes to have "the answers" to the riddle of existence. There are those who even believe that the human species will colonize other planets. Their arrogance does not allow them to consider the weakness of the human animal in comparison to other creatures more suited for existence.

I am pressed to speak on "my philosophy" – as in "What is your philosophy?" Mankind is an accident a wretched species that should never have been. East or West, North or South, Black or White or red or yellow, while some strains are more wretched than others, in general, human beings are arrogant; and yet ~~they~~ so many not only submit to an imaginary Supreme Being, but want to force others into submission.

(26) Haven't I been through this before in the past? Wasn't this a cause of conflict for me as early as Wharton Tract Unit, February 1988?

I am the ape-man. I stand in truth. We don't know truth. We stand in truth. I refuse to submit to the wretched Abrahamic faiths. Why do believers feel compelled to convert the atheist? As a free-thinker who refuses to be coerced into becoming a religious liar, I continue to resist pressures to conform to herd morality. I do not chase and retrieve basketballs. As long as I have lived, I seem to be at odds with social hierarchies, pecking orders, and belief structures. Like Hesse suggests in Demian, perhaps what the herd calls "the Devil" is simply the one with too much intelligence in his eyes, one who has the courage and confidence to think thoughts without first asking if such thought is permitted. Do I have to come out and say I am an atheist just in order to keep "believers" from pestering me with their condemnations and assumptions? After I receive commissary on June 3rd, I may put in a request to speak to someone in Mental Health. Living in jail puts me in a position where my extraordinary intellect will disturb others unaccustomed to such depth, honesty, and audacity.

There must be a reason why most people have never heard of Christopher Marlowe, Arthur Schopenhauer, Emile Cioran, Zamyatin, Husserl, Abrams, etc. And yet nearly everyone knows of Christ, Mohammed, Moses ... I guess I really ought to be thankful to have discovered "the Dark Side". I need not spread my knowledge, nor do I need to embark upon a Ministry. I don't even have to confide my forbidden thoughts to my mother or sister or comrades. Even in our day and age, the term, "atheist", ellicits looks of suspicion. Isn't it wonderful that I have been able to crush idols, defy the biggest con-games in history, and look religious fanatics as well as sports enthusiasts in the eye and face down authority?

change my name, the site name, or description.
[illegible] [illegible] you is [illegible] me from [illegible].

STARING INTO THE ABYSS

What I would like to do while incarcerated, and continue to do when released, is remain calm in the face of those who would condemn me for my honest doubts. As long as I have an inkling of doubt, I do not believe.
*[99% belief → doubt. Christianity and Islam are both slave religions which demand submission and obedience to a patriarch. I'll have none of that. Why so many prisoners go for these religions while incarcerated has to do with the conversion process and the manner in which those sects spread. Prisoners seek inclusion wishing to belong to a herd – for security.] There are those who will suspect me of being Satanic should they hear me blaspheme against Allah or YHWH or Jehova or even Christ. I am impressed with atheists like Marlowe and Schopenhauer, but surprised Schopenhauer never mentions Marlowe.

Now, the only reason we read anything by Schopenhauer is because he published his own writings out of his own pocket. Surely, my mental independence and philosophic mind are somewhat Germanic.

{ ? }

Now, within 2 days I will have in my possession a \$22.00 phone card which will allow me to speak to my mother. She and my sister are my links to the outside besides "social worker" in the jail. This will most likely do us both some good. I look forward to visiting my mother. If I had never lived at 311 7th Ave, I guarentee I would not be incarcerated right now. I will see about contacting my social worker at Social Services in Freehold through the social worker here. The less I care about having a place to live upon my release, the less worried I will be while I'm in jail. If I can get to the point where I realize life is not worth living and that we will all be dead within 60 years, then my philosophic mind really becomes quite a powerful spiritual weapon as far as remaining detached goes. Even if I have to live in welfare motels or one-room monkey cages, I'm still a scholar-warrior

[Another unforgettable paragraph from Dostoyevsky: "I just came to find out personally, once and for all — well, number one, is it true you're insane? You see, there's a theory current (well, there, somewhere) you're insane, or you lean strongly in that direction. I can assure you, I'm rather strongly inclined to that theory myself; in the first place because of your stupid and rather nasty actions (which can't be explained), and in the second place because of the way you treated your mother and sister not long ago. If a man weren't mad he'd have to be a monster and a villian to act as you have to them. Consequently, you must be insane."]

[The detective speaking to Raskolnikov: "I repeat, you are very impatient, Rodion Romanych, and sick. You are bold and proud and serious; and you have been through a great deal — I knew all that long ago. I am familiar with all these moods, and as I read it your little essay seemed quite familiar. It was thought out on sleepless nights and in a state of wild excitement, heart heaving and pounding, and with suppressed enthusiasm. It's dangerous though — this proud, suppressed enthusiasm in a young man! I jeered at you at the time, but I'll tell you now that I'm terribly fond — I mean as an admirer — of this first, youthful, passionate experimenting with the pen. Your essay's absurd and fantastic, but there's such a sincerity keeps flashing through it, such a youthful, incorruptible pride, such desperate boldness, and it's rather somber, your essay; well, but that's to the good, yes. I read that essay of yours and I put it aside, and ... as I put it aside I thought: 'That man's heading for trouble!'"]

I met with "Dan the Man" - the social worker here. He's going to get me information on protocol for SSD and also help me communicate with my section 8 case worker. He says I look great, like I'm taking vitamins - - -

I am almost finished reading Dostoyevsky's Crime & Punishment. How symbolic that I am finally reading the rest of it in jail.* There is another passage I wish to quote in full, Raskolnikov's mother addresses him, and I can imagine my own mother saying something similar. Imagine how much I identify with Raskolnikov, especially tomorrow, when I am visited by my mother and sister!

"I may be stupid, Rodia, but I can tell that you will soon be one of the top people in our learned world, maybe the very top. And they dared think you were mad! You may not know it, but that's what they really did think. Ah, the miserable worms, how could they understand what it means to have brains!"

{?}

And yet another quote... the policeman, Gunpowder says to Raskolnikov, at the station when Raskolnikov is about to confess for the murder of the pawn broker: "As for the little ornaments and appurtenances of life are concerned, for you nihil est. You're an ascetic, a monk, a hermit! ... For you it's a pen behind the ear, a book, scholarly researches - that's what makes your spirit soar!"

{?}

"It even struck him that they [the prisoners] valued life more in prison than they did when they were at large. How much agony some of them must have been through - the tramps, for instance. Could an odd ray of sunlight really mean so much?"

{?}

*"Everybody disliked and avoided him. Finally they even came to hate him. Why? He did not know. There were some far more criminal than he, and even these held him in contempt, laughed at him, laughed at his crime.

"You're a gentleman!" they told him. "You shouldn't have been walking around with an ax - not a gentleman's business!"

For some reason he did not understand there was a quarrel one day;

 they all fell on him at once in a fury. "You're an atheist! You don't believe in God!" they shouted at him. "You should be killed!"

He had never talked to them about God or faith, yet they wanted to kill him as an atheist; he remained silent and did not contradict them. One convict flung himself on him in a real frenzy. Calmly and quietly Raskolnikov stood his ground; not an eyebrow twitched and not a face muscle quivered. A guard managed to get between him and the murderer in time, or blood would have been spilled."]

{ ? }

[In the Afterward, Robin Feuer Miller asks, "Has the immensely private act of reading made you more thoughtful or more compassionate, or has it hardened your heart?"

"How will this novel insert itself into the private recesses of your living, thinking, feeling self?"

Dostoyevsky spent 8 months in prison in Peter & Paul Fortress, sentenced to death but reprieved at the last minute.
4 years as fettered convict in a prison camp
and then 5 years as a soldier reduced to the ranks]

{ ? }

[Notes: See Diary of a Writer (1871-74, 1876-77, 1881) and The Brothers Karamazov for disturbing instances of anti-Semitism.

{ ? }

... a man who succumbs to various "strange, 'unfinished' ideas in the air," Towards the end of the Afterword, Robin Miller mentions "The Drunkards" - an idea for a book Dostoyevsky had before writing Crime & Punishment. In a footnote there is something written by]

mother thinks "God is protecting me from harm."

 [Tolstoy:

Interestingly, Tolstoy, who probably could not have known of Dostoyevsky's intentions to write a novel called The Drunkards, analyzed Raskolnikov in uncannily similar, albeit highly eccentric terms. In an essay called "Why do men stupify themselves?" (1889), Tolstoy wrote: "Raskolnikov did not live his true life when he murdered the old woman or her sister... He lived his true life when he was lying on the sofa in his room... when he was doing nothing and was only thinking, when only his consciousness was active: and in that consciousness tiny, tiny alterations were taking place. It is at such times that one needs the greatest clearness to decide correctly the questions that have arisen, and it is just then that one glass of beer or one cigarette may prevent the solution of the question, may... stifle the voice of conscience... as was the case with Raskolnikov."]

How fascinating that this reading experience should end on such a note! My two weeks here in the county jail has been the longest period ~~of~~ without beer/alcohol in several years. I almost wanted to detoxify out in Federal Way, Washington in 2009. I had intended on not drinking alcohol in the Tent Cities of Seattle as early as Febrary 2009, but I ended up spiraling down, down, down into oblivion, sneaking down by the water and into bushes with hostile Native American JR Chiefstick whenever I had cash. So be it. I experienced the disastorous episode with nephew Joseph while drunk on 211's. In Dostoyevsky's Crime & Punishment, there is so much tragedy in environments of drunkeness...

I am AMBIVALENT about drunkeness... What will I do when I am released from this parallel universe? What else do I know but beer and tobacco and coffee? Does beer and tobacco stifle the voice of conscience?

{5}

THE ABYSS STARES BACK

3 June 2010, Thursday 12:10 PM – Lunch is late. My animal body feels like a creature in Jurassic Park or some zoo waiting for the zoo-keepers to drop the cow into the cage. Actually, this is a zoo. We creatures are held AS encaged animals. This is truth we stand in. It's not pleasant. They have to feed us a minimal amount of food or else we will kill to be fed. This is not science fiction. I cant be the only creature to be so in touch with his animal drives! I dont care about writing a story. I am documenting the lived experiences of the creature.

When I am hungry like this, I dont want to read. I become frustrated, angry, enraged, irritable. Things become very serious very quickly. What is the nature of anger and how is it related to hunger? Anger – a survival mechanism.

{?}

I get several extra rations of beans from the brothers in the wing who appreciate my hunger and my willingness to eat even moths and other bugs.

{?}

My second commissary arrived, and now my balance is less than a muffin. The calling card is in my pocket, but I am locked down with everyone else. I already drank down 2 cups of instant coffee, so I am feeling a little better than before, but still, I see the Beast. I dont believe in "saints": My direct experience of BEING LIFE ITSELF lets me understand all Eaters-of-Food. If only I could write what we forbid ourselves to speak. Will I make breakthroughs?

6-3-2010 Thursday

THE ABYSS STARES BACK

I look forward to seeing my mother and sister this afternoon. Just having the phone card is going to change a great deal. My mother, sister, and I can communicate and see about getting me out of here. I haven't lost the apartment yet. There's still a slight chance I can get out of this mess. At least I have pens, paper, and even colored pencils.

{ ? }

I saw my mother today! My sister accompanied her. I was so glad to see her! Maybe they might put $25 in commissary for me so I can get coffee and a cup 6/10. I sure don't need much, and here I am getting psychologically stronger by the hour, all due to my spirit power! And pen & coffee?

The Asbury Park Library allowed my sister to renew the book, A Fraction of the Whole, one more time (June 17th due?). Also, she doesn't think Marshal Sigman should get one more month's payment since I will be in county jail for another month — at least until June 24th and probably longer. I doubt anyone will bail me out. This is all a very confusing yet exciting "encounter with absurdity and chaos" — (an encounter with the absurd & chaotic).

I truly believe my sister was delighted to see how happy I was to see our "Mom". Tami tried to get information across. I was overjoyed.

7 June 2010 Monday ∞ THINKING INFINITY ∞

Dream Recall → Jim Roe was working on a vehicle on one side of a barn while I was stealing an old pick up truck on the other side of the barn.

{x}

I'm so dirty, can't kiss her on the mouth
That's why she says Mike you better go down south
I get so wild, now the jail's my house
And I get so hungry, had to eat a mouse

Out in the yard I still sing real loud
I guess I'm just the type who stands out in a crowd
~~I got a PhD Ph.D in jail~~
I'm going for a PhD in jail bird-ology
Out on Waterworks Road at Freehold University

WHO SHOT J.R.?

Could I be experiencing yet another adventure?

Traveling out to Seattle in search of my nephew only to be betrayed and abandoned by him was surely an adventure. Tent City 3 was part of that adventure, even if it was kind of a concentration camp minus the police. Finding Federal Way and living at Barkley Ridge was part of the adventure – the beautiful women at the library, Carmen in the office ... even my crazy times with Freddie Brown – all part of that adventure. I can't forget J.R. Chiefstick.

Returning to Jersey was also an adventure, and God damn it, getting thrown in the county jail is also an adventure. People are encountering me, and I am keeping notes. And so, once again I lock myself in my cell, preferring to read a book and scribble in my pad, rather than "socialize" with other inmates.

What did I do on the outside, if not the very same thing! Nobody can reach me here. Without a phone, nobody could reach me out there either! All I want to do is grow my beard and grow my hair.

Whatever happens, nothing really matters to me. Anyway the wind blows ... I wonder. Maybe, if I can't get out by July, maybe I'll just contact section 8 and let them know the situation I am in.

Then I'll just convince myself that I am being kept in this jail by the Powers That Be because they sincerely don't know what to make of me. I am under observation, and the things I come out with – my rhetoric – has captivated the inmates!

{ Chapter 10 }

JESUS BACK IN NAZARETH, IN THE DUNGEON

(10 June 2010 Thursday) Mikey back in Freehold, in the county jail

And why do I compare myself to the Christ? Well, I'm the philosopher, the prophet, one who wandered across the continent and back, standing out as a unique cat wherever he went. And yet I am a comical Christ, and when we get down to the deep issues, I am the Antichrist, antiman, anti-civilizedman.

How can I say I am "the philosopher" or "the prophet" when I am in jail for aggravated assault with a dangerous weapon (wooden cane)? Well, even Jesus went off with a cane in some kind of temple because the moneychanges - the local businessmen & bankers - were doing their business in a place of worship.

In Daniel Quinn's The Story of B, the Antichrist is living more like Jesus of Nazareth than Adolf Hitler. He, the Antichrist, is not a megalomaniac military leader or a corporate CEO giant like Mike Bloomberg. The Antichrist is more like Mike Hentrich than Mike Bloomberg. Who the fuck is Mike Hentrich? Exactly. That's the point. The Antichrist is not some governer of California poised to be the Armageddon President. He's some unknown philosopher warning against consumerism, climate change, the melting icecaps, leading people away from the flock, away from the "places of worship" - like Malls, the churches, the car dealerships, the synagogues.

I feel the power growing in my HAIR. And yet, I also sense petty - very petty - jealousies and tensions coming from those who resent my AUDACITY, my habit of going around blaspheming my heretical views & theories, the way I summon the Sunbeams, converse with the winged ones, and scribble out my sermons. People may toss books at me, thinking that I will read anything; but I am actually quite particular about this. I am not Jesus of Nazareth. I am not even Jewish or Black. I am not George Carlin. I am not even Irish. I was, however, baptized Catholic.

 To paraphrase a passage in Baudolino: "A number of pious men have admitted that Ezekiel had indeed had a vision, which is a bit like saying he had drunk too much and was seeing double." And then, in another passage, "Abdul suggested that, as Ezekiel after all belonged to the people of Israel, perhaps others his faith could shed some light. When his companions, shocked, said that it was not right to read the Scriptures while asking the advice of a Jew, since notoriously that treacherous race altered the text of the sacred books to remove reference to the coming of Christ, Abdul revealed that some of the greatest masters in Paris took advantage at times, though in secret, of the learning of the rabbis, at least for those passages where the coming of the Messiah was not involved."

{X}

"You Christians do not understand that the sacred text is born from a Voice. The Lord, haqadoch baruch hu, the Holy One, may his name always be blessed, when he speaks to his prophets, allows them to hear sounds, but does not show figures, as you people do, with your illuminated pages. The voice surely provokes images in the heart of the prophet, but these images are not immobile, they liquefy, change shape according to the melody of that voice."

{X}

This passage reminds me of "the Language older than words" that speaks to the heart, like the clouds in the sky inspiring a poetic mood where one becomes the prophet. I speak so much that my voice becomes hoarse. Some brothers really relate to the Voice of My Heart, and this instills in me a confidence. They realize that I play the "fool" for my own protection. The guards act as if I'm a basket-case

(98) It is amazing to be swimming in recognition when you have never been taught to matter.

"May you be damned through the centuries and tormented by a thousand demons! Why, you're worse than that asshole Ezekiel, who didn't know what he was seeing because those Jews never look at pictures and only hear voices!"

{ X }

I am not sure what is going on, but today was kind of magical. Playing volleyball in the gym was great. We had so much fun we may have forgotten we were in jail. That is MAGIC. The spirits are among us and within us. I sense we, as brothers, are becoming quite a tight BAND, practically legendary. There are magical moments with great mirth, laughter, and deep contemplation, insight, and revelation. Who knows the ramifications of what we are encountering here, the chemical reactions in our collective psyches?

I drew 2 cartoons on the drawing pad today: one called "The Pink Panther Party" (crimanally insane comedians on crack), the other called "Ecstasy and my purple helmet".

All in all, I've been showing off quite a bit. When a beautiful moth who could not fly was being abused out in the yard, I immediately ate it, chasing it down with some popcorn. I wonder if this will influence my dreams. I guess I'm setting my own pace by stealing the show.

JESUS BACK IN NAZARETH, IN THE DUNGEON

Recalling stories such as One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, The Jacket, Shawshank Redemption, and others, I understand that the presence of one individual can have an impact on an institutionalized pack of sheep in wolves clothing. One "bad apple" can rot the lot. One free spirit can infect or disrupt the docile, submissive, authority-fearing group. The worse aspect of fascism has to be the way the subjected (the controlled, the subdued) enforce order upon one another. It is so sickening. I am reminded of a passage from Thomas More's circa 1516 Utopia: [" The King should leave his subjects as little as possible, because his own safety depends on keeping them from growing insolent with wealth and freedom. Liberty makes men less patient to endure harsh and unjust commands, whereas meagre poverty blunts their spirits, makes them docile, and grinds out of the oppressed the lofty spirit of rebellion."

This is the way tyrannies are preserved. The tyrant prohibits everything likely to produce confidence and high spirit. His end and aim is to break the spirit of his subjects, because a broken-spirit will never plot against anyone. Impoverishment is a principal means to this end. Hence, the ridiculously small portions for meals. The small ration of soup that forces inmates to compete for scraps. A way to rebel is to stop eating the soup. Simple. Just don't care about the fucking soup. Each of us is here as a prisoner of the State, and we each stand alone and do as we will. Nobody can stop a truly liberated spirit! No inmate, no guard, no shrink. When the time comes for my spiritual liberation, nobody will be able to stop ME!]

{ Chapter 11 }

6-11-2010 Friday

SPIRITUAL LIBERATION

An inmate learns not to fight from a position of weakness. How are human beings institutionalized? How are inmates ordered about like kindergarten children? It's demasculating, dehumanizing, degrading — an insult to one's intelligence. I, for one, am fed up with it. Depression is the common response to the effects Power/Authority has on the ~~human or~~ organism. As inmates, we are not much different than our chimpanzee cousins who get captured in Africa and spend their lives in zoos or laboratories. Let's keep it real, shall we? Many of my fellow inmates have not done very serious thinking about our situation.

Like Hesse's Demian or "The Planet of the Apes" Dr Zera, the look of intelligence in my eyes ~~can't be~~ is self-evident. My imagination allows me to see a deeper reality. I can see all too clearly that, in an instant, I could flip the script and begin to openly display the power of my intellect. In other words, I can bust gorts wherever I find myself simply by applying the 6 sacred words: NOTHING THAT IS SO, IS SO.

{ ✕ }

Today, once again, I ran full speed into a plexiglass wall. I am almost ready to go on psychiatric medications and move to the psychiatric wing. Or, I may just find a place

deep in my mind and slam the door. I am preparing to write something dark, dismal, negative, spiteful. If nobody in my family cosigns to help me bail myself out, then, like a spiteful child, I will most likely stop calling, stop writing, and basically vanish in spirit. When I wake up in this institution, having to endure these controlling guards, left in the dark as far as legal representation goes, I want to go into a deep trance. I plan on letting my beard grow wild like a hermit's. I want my hair to grow back. In other words, I am going to rebel against those things that the inmates treasure. No more standing in line for soup. No more begging for a hair cut or even to trim my beard. I will have little need for a razor.

It is not just me who goes through these emotions, and yet, I don't care to look ten years younger than I am by having my beard shaved off. I don't mind looking like "the Unabomber" or a Muslim or a jihadist. I'm not trying to be a loverboy chasing women. I am an angry man who is beyond playing games. If one thing can give me dignity throughout all this, it will be writing with ~~and~~ negativity and nihilistic hatred. My spiritual liberation consists in being so honest that I can face unpleasant truths fearlessly. Shall I write more realistically and put behind me the obsession with being another John the Baptist? I don't have to be another Schopenhauer or another Cioran. I am already who I am. I am Mike Hentrich, a genuine philosopher who has been out West and back. Wherever I go, I cause a disturbance. Many people did not know how to handle me out in the Seattle area. Fuck 'em all!

 6-11-2010 Friday

Spiritual Liberation

What could be "spiritually liberating" about becoming more and more NEGATIVE, PESSIMISTIC, & NIHILISTIC? Maybe I really mean "mental liberation" or "mental freedom". I feel peaceful when I am shitting in the privacy of my cell, alone, one with my stench. Mental Freedom and Spiritual Liberation are the same phenomenon. The path to such liberation could be INSANITY when the "sane" world becomes so utterly absurd that all one can do is become more and more introverted. My mental progression is making huge leaps today. I am all too aware that my highly developed intellect makes me very much like Dostoyevsky's character Roskulnikov and even Prince Mishkin "The Idiot". I may search for Brothers K to investigate the so-called anti-semetism of that novel.

Both my mother and sister are ill, the flue and bronchitus. I wonder if it is the stress over my encagement. I was 3300 miles away since January 2009. I returned in March 2010 only to be taken into custody in May. Maybe this stress caused their immune systems to weaken; also Dostoyevskian.

What do I "do" with my life "out there"? This does not matter. Well, I AM WHAT I DO. I sit and think. I walk and sing. I also drink and smoke. My life seems to be a tragedy. And yet, isn't all life a universal tragedy?

Because I can't find any authors or thinkers as dark as I am, I am going to have to be my own hero, my own antihero of a dystopian narrative. I promise myself to visit with my mother more often when I get out of this cage, when she returns from Sweden. How wise Schopenhauer was to prefer solitude to the company of others. Not even his mother would endure HIM.

(114) ["If your brother or sister treats you poorly, don't grasp the handle by hurt or injustice, or you won't be able to bear it and you will become bitter. Do the opposite. Grasp the situation by the handle of familial ties. Focus on the fact that this is your brother or sister, that you were brought up together, and thus have an enduring, unbreakable bond."]

["If you want to develop your ability to live simply, do it for yourself, do it quietly, and don't do it to impress others."]

{ ? }

One of the unexpected consequences of this present encagement is that I have been roused from unexamined habit. My daily rituals have been interupted (sp?) [interrupted]
This forces me into deeper awareness, i.e., it gets my attention.

["Goodness isn't ostentatious piety or showy good manners. It's a lifelong series of subtle readjustments of our character. You move THROUGH your life by being thouroughly IN it."]

["Practice self-sufficiency. Don't remain a dependent, malleable patient. Become your own soul's doctor."]

{ ? }

I wonder if my website, combined with the spontaneous philosophizing I do when passing through the tubes of the system, is enough to constitute an unofficial, underground SHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY, as in "love of wisdom." My school? Absurdist? Negativist? Pessimist? Comic?

IN THE DEPTHS OF THE HEART

"In reality, what she taught no one has ever known actually. All her writings were lost; those who had preserved her spoken thought had been killed, or had tried to forget what they had heard. Everything we know of her has been handed down to us by the holy fathers who condemned her, and, honestly, as a writer of history and chronicles, I tend not to give too much credence to words that an enemy puts into the mouth of an enemy." {BAUDOLINO? Umberto Eco}
{?}

Whenever I happened to pass the Monmouth County Jail on Waterworks Road in Freehold, I would see it as a dungeon of mideival times. Now that I am in it, I feel this even more. I not only see it as a dungeon, but I feel it. I experience it as a ~~dun~~ dungeon. It truly is as cold as an icebox in here. Reflecting on my plans to bail out, I feel a spark of joy, knowing the delight my body will experience when I put on my black pants, my purple hoodie, my black steel toed boots, and I carry my jailhouse scribblings up Waterworks Road. Perhaps my sister will have a backpack for me. Perhaps my mother will want to meet me on Schibanoff Road before I begin to roam like a tiger just set loose from a zoo.

Who can take away the delight I will feel? And yet, I don't want to rob myself of the present magic I am experiencing. No more do I want to be impressed with my Christ-like "wise-man" qualities. I want to embrace the primitive Eater-of-Food, the organism passing wind that makes a stench, the masturbating monkey who would hump a lubed up S, Bri, or X

{ Chapter 14 }

THE ANTIHERO OF THE ANTINOVEL

Idea for website title: The Antiheroes of the Abyss

Like I explained to a young Brazilian who got sentenced to ~~[illegible]~~ 7 years for eluding the police (and has been here for 10 months), I am the living antihero of this story, this antinovel. The memoirs I scribble are a part of the story — not the story itself. If some archeologist wants to come along and put a literary record together in story format one day, using my "memoirs" as a guide, so be it. But it is not necessary. I am still the protagonist of this Literary Experiment, perhaps even more so than the protagonist of Zamyatin's novel We, which inspired Orwell's 1984, Huxley's Brave New World, and perhaps Ira Levin's This Perfect Day.

I am a writer of diaries. I believe the APPD were just waiting for me to do anything to ~~get~~ give them a reason to lock me in the dog pound. Jail does not "teach me a lesson". Jail is only a means to exert control. The State is a moron. The State does not know who I am. The State is a "Higher Power" which thinks it knows who and what I am.

I say, if the State apparatus and the minions who serve it are the "Higher Power," then I am the rebel angel who claims the State is an unworthy God. I will continue to Rebel.

 a dead-beat genius of the abyss? the antihero of the antinovel?
Evidently, "public intoxication" is against the law. It is illegal to be drunk in public. I guess I'll have to be more careful. How insane. Maybe I ought to drink in Freehold and pass out in the woods down the tracks. It is getting to be a total police state in Asbury Park, New Jersey.
AND SO IT GOES.

---

14 June 2010 Monday [We've been on "lock down" all day. No yard. No microwave oven. No library. No tv. No eating in the day space. Searches. No looking out the glass. No NOISE. We are threatened with charges. I shout out outbursts anyway.
At least I've been able to read Choke. I'm halfway through.] I haven't been able to call landlord to instruct him to ~~let~~ give the key to my brother-in-law.
I'm not going to be able to call anyone until we get out of this lockdown. No phone calls are allowed while we're on lockdown. All communication stops. Orders come from the top only. Fuck you Mr Jailer Man. Control is an illusion. Soon, I will be smoking tobacco, looking toward this dungeon from the railroad tracks! Soon! June is half over. I'll be bailed out before July!
Then I fight from the outside, but I will be slithering around like a NINJA.

{x}

[All day, the officers (overseers) have been handing out the trays. At dinner: no soup, no tea. The toilets don't flush and we're trapped in our cells! The officers threaten to put someone in the hospital if they continue to make noise. I scream some excerpts from Chuck Palahniuk's Choke:]

(126) [There are so many laws, you can't keep them straight.
Third-degree screaming in public, second degree disregard for authority, first degree disdain, second-degree nuisance. It's gotten to the point I'm terrified to do anything at all. Anything risky or exciting lands you in jail. With the whole world property-lined and speed limited and zoned and taxed and regulated, with everyone tested and registered and classified and addressed and recorded, nobody had room for adventure, except the kind that money buys, like on a roller coaster or at a movie.

The laws that keep us safe also condemn us to boredom. The only frontier left is the world of intangibles. Everything else is sewn up too tight. We're caged inside TOO MANY LAWS. Intangibles: the Internet, movies, music, stories, art, rumors, computer programs, anything that ISN'T REAL. The culture of Make-believe. The unreal has become more powerful than the real.]

Convicting me would be redundant. Our ~~[illegible]~~ bureaucracy and our laws have turned the world into a clean, safe WORK CAMP. We're raising yet another generation of slaves. And, it's back to jail for Mike Hentush. Incorrigible. We're teaching our children to be helpless. We're so structured and micromanaged.

[Here's a great scene:
"Dude." I say, "You don't think I'm a good-hearted person, do you?"
And Denny says, "Hell no, dude."
I say, "You don't think I'm really a secretly sensitive and Christlike manifestation of perfect love?"
"No way, dude," Denny says. "You're an asshole."
And I say, "Thanks. Just checking."]

{ Chapter 17 }

DETACHMENT

I was very "wired" and "manic" when I went to see the public pretender (legal counsel), she seemed to judge me, acting as though I didn't have a case of self-defense if I went back to my apartment, grabbed a cane, and went back downstairs. I said I did not want to be trapped in my apartment. I said I defecated in my pants, that I was terrorized.

I guess I will see about getting my mustache and beard trimmed after dinner so that I look a little more presentable in court tomorrow. I wonder if I stand a chance of getting released ROR. I won't get my hopes up. It's all very exciting to me. I notified my sister and will make phone calls tomorrow.

I will write my father a letter. My sister is already suggesting I give Joe my pin number so he can withdraw the cash for the ~~public defender~~ bail. That will go to the courthouse, I guess. Once the bail is clear, I will just have to wait until Thursday, June 24th — next week... or Friday, the 25th at the latest. This would be awesome. I prefer giving pin # to my Mother.

At this point, I'm sure my father would be willing to pay the $500 and let me pay him $800 upon my release. After all, it's only about 10 days after that that July 1st will roll around... that Friday I will be FREE!

 18 June 2010 Friday

DETACHMENT

[Last night I read aloud ~~the entire~~ chapter 5 in its entirety, as well as most of chapter 6 – also aloud (of Malcolm Lowrey's Undez the Volcano) of course. In chapter 6, I was surprised to read: "No longer did he gut around from shady publisher to publisher with his guitar and his manuscripts in Geoff's gladstone bag. Yet his life once more began to bear a certain resemblence to Adolf Hitler's. He had not lost touch with Boloski, and into his heart he imagined himself plotting revenge. A form of private anti-Semitism became part of his life. He sweated racial in the night. If it still sometimes struck him that in the stokehold he had fallen down the spout of the capitalist system that feeling was now inseparable from his loathing of the Jews. It was somehow the fault of the poor old Jews, not merely Boloski, but all Jews, that he'd found himself down the stokehold in the first place on a wild goose chase. It was even due to the Jews that such economic excrescenses as the Bitish Mercantilo Maine existed."]

{H}

I got denied reduction to $5000 with 10%, but my bail was at least reduced … going for it. Dad … most likely. I will … now. I was … point I am g… Volcano in … expectedly before … .

Maybe … d to V… &N.

6-20-2010 Sunday

Chapter 19

ELEVATION THROUGH DEVIATION

Mental Freedom is writing down my negative emotions concerning the artificial social hierarchies of the penal institution and society at large. Mental Freedom is refusing to internalize the opinions of those who continue to judge me for events I've already been punished for. If I have to, I will simply become more and more introverted, less and less concerned with the opinions of those I encounter. Mental Freedom is letting go of my obsession about getting released... When the day comes, it will be a process, step by step, before I walk outside those gates. For now, forever the scholar, I have the works of Franz Kafka and T.S. Eliot to absorb into my living, thinking, feeling SELF.

This SELF is evolving. This SELF is surely a rebel, a NON-CONFORMIST, an INTELLECTUAL (possibly a GENIUS), a SINGER, a DRUMMER, a RADICAL WEBMASTER, a BRILLIANT PHILOSOPHER, a RAVING LUNATIC, a COMEDIAN, a COMPUTER SCIENTIST, etc... I elevate from the norm through my deviations. These goddamned police type authority figures — I'm so sick of them. I will follow Robert Pirsig's suggestions and stay out of the way of police & psychiatrists.

There is nothing motivating me to organize a publishable book. I write unwritable books. What Kafka hints at in his stories, I, "Henry Heinrich", come right out and say it. I've been going about the project of "reaching out" to other potential REBELS/DEVIANTS for the past 8 years at least (on Internet). I may elevate now. I may lay low. I may become MYSTERIOUS.

 6-20-2010 Sunday

ELEVATION THROUGH DEVIATION

[My mother would ask me what I do in here, in jail, all day. That's the point. I sit and THINK all day and all night. I read and I write. I think of all the years I've wasted educating myself. I sleep. I long for next meal. I detach from illusions. I see things clearly. I've become so mentally and emotionally independent. All I need to do in here is all I need to do "out there": **NOTHING**.

Once and for all let me grasp what a bummer it is to be human! Once and for all rejoice at not having any "friends" to speak of. And do I envy others? No. Nobody can fool this philosopher. Nobody has any real friends. There are church associates, school associates, work associates ... there are drug buddies, drinking buddies.

Our only task is to endure life. I shall become harder. I shall become more emotionally independent. I shall care less. Yes ... an antihero.] What will I rename my website when released? I guess I'll decide then and there. Now I have $3 left on card. That's 2 more phone calls. I may call my mother tonight, and then I can call Bail Bondsman tomorrow (collect). Surely I only have 4 more nights before I get to walk out of this dungeon/dog pound! That is a natural joy I will not deny myself.

Once I get some cash in my pocket, I will be going after the substances that bring pleasure to my BRAIN: coffee, tobacco, beer, marijuana, food. I may be a deadbeat, I may be a genius ... My only duty is to be a Creature.

{H}

I decided to phone my mother just to inquire the status of this process of bailing me out. She asked me what is up with it! She told me my father doesn't even want to call the place now! He's going to fucking Massachusetts! BOSTON again. HOLY FUCK!

23 June 2010 Wednesday

Dream Recall: Is it possible that the parallel universe and this one are intricately connected?

Here I am in the county jail, supposedly about to be released, and while sleeping, in the dreamscape my dog Buron is anxiously begging to go outside for a walk, running around with a sneaker in his jaws ... in the den on Bradley Drive. I'm ready to run into the woods. The Creature is ready to run!

In another dream there is some kind of huge ceremony or seance or gathering of some kind where I am defending "evil's" right to exist.

G - O - D

God / ↓ Other Dimension? \ Devil

Many seagulls are flying over me. I am laughing.

I - The Creature - wish to be permitted to break through to the Other Side from a parallel dimension.

Billy Munnichini (Vito) is present... Do I need to do something in the dreamscape first? Will there be an event in a parallel universe simultaneously?

HIT THE GROUND RUNNING (UNCHAINED)

It is 0600 in the county jail. Breakfast trays usually arrive before 7:30AM. Here I sit all ready to go: sheets off ragedy old mattress, folded along with blanket. Underwear and T-shirts rolled up with my three notepads and shower sandals... itching to walk up to tracks and knock on B's door. A friend in need is a friend in deed! Surely there will be a cigarette for me. I will not beg... Go with the flow Mikey, Make phone call to Joe... see about getting keys.

The thing is, there is no rush, is there? Well... for ATM card... for money... cash... for what? CIGARETTES! BEER! A-HA HA HA HEE HEE!! HILARIOUS!!! ~~Wa~~ Watch "The Creature" in action.

What Jack Trimpey of Rational ____

BAILED OUT

Only out for 7 days before arrested for "harassing geese"?

NEXT → loose notes

Possession of anything new or expensive only reflected a person's lack of theology and geomet
it could ~~cast~~ even cast doubts upon one's soul.

This city is famous for its gamblers, prostitutes, exhibitionists, Antichrists, alcoholics, sodomites, drug ad
fetishists, onanists, pornographers, frauds, jades, litterbugs, and lesbians, all of whom are only
too well protected by graft. If you have a moment, I shall ~~endeavor~~ endeavor to dis
the crime problem with you, but don't make the mistake of bothering **ME**.

You must realize the fear and hatred which my weltanschauung instills in people.

I was injured, and since pride is a Deadly Sin which I generally eschew, absolutely
nothing was hurt.

She was attracted to the table at which I was holding court by the singularity and magnetis
of my being. As the magnificence and originality of my worldview became explicit throu
conversation, the Minkoff minx began attacking me on all levels.
When I failed to agree with her braying and babbling, she told me that I was obviously
anti-Semitic.

I refuse to "look up." Optimism nauseates me. It is perverse. Since man's fall, his proper posit
in the universe has been one of misery.

I went down to the valley to pray
I got drunk and stayed all day

An old African-American
SPIRITUAL

3/1 {Fate is cruel and mankind is pitiable. I had just met Tereesa Brown a few days before I was arrested. I wonder if I would still be prone to sitting around with her if I did not drink beer/alcohol. Wouldn't I prefer to hang on the beach? What do I live for anyway? What do I do but read, scribble, eat, shit, and sleep? I walk... I listen to music... I smoke tobacco. Tolstoy believed that alcohol IS ~~could be~~ the downfall of many. Alcohol draws attention to us and limits our ability to avoid trouble. Life is simply not worth living. Haven't my experiences ~~to~~ verified Schopenhauer's philosophy? What is the sense of even scribbling about my "feelings"? Look, listen, & learn } I've gone as far as I can with Reading, writing, and arithmetic. Now it is time for me to look, listen, and learn.

If I lose section 8 because of being in jail so long, I would wish I would have bailed out. If I lose section 8 eventually anyway because of my sentences, then what good would it have been to bail out? For the Freedom! For the ocean!

2 {I actually am ready to EXPERIMENT with alcohol-free existence—NO PROGRAMS NECESSARY. What to do in the moment? ISOLATE. My cellie in H-2:106 does not bother me... well, he's a depressed (alcoholic) Mexican himself who is working here. He's rarely in the cell. I have a great deal of privacy. Also, nobody is familiar with me. Perhaps this is best. While there are no great works of literature, there are some novels. I may get back into writing poetry — or I may simply daydream. I believe I do have my parents' sympathy and compassion. I doubt my Dad will bail me out again. All I can do is hang in there. Life is not too great anywhere. Wherever I go, there I am. For once I see this is a great blessing, NOT A CURSE. I AM ME — even in a CAGE.}

1{ Mentally, one way to ease the frustration of incarceration is to note that daily life for me in Asbury Park is dismal... dismal, that is, when I "go with the flow" of drinking beer & vodka then wandering around acting out. Perhaps I could really experiment with an alternate lifestyle upon my release next time. I mean... coffee, tobacco, philosophy. No more being a sitting duck for the police. I'm so sick of being thrown in the county jail. }

2{ Nobody will be surprised when I relocate in March 2011. } There's a decent library in Red Bank. The library's not too hot in Matawan. Freehold... ugh, well... perhaps my "reputation" there could get me in trouble with The Law.

This is what I want to avoid: scribbling about my petty worries and concerns. Circumstances are continually changing. I could get bailed out again, go to court on July 26th, plead not guilty, and then, by September be sitting in jail sentenced to 20 days or even 60 days — or I could be placed on probation. 3{ So, until I get more information, I guess I have to be prepared for anything. I have to get through each moment without losing my mind. Even when I am released, when I "have it made" with section 8 and Social Security, I live a very lonely life. I spent the last few days "out there" with a tall Afrocoidal woman named Terressa Brown (TB) Who knows how she would have "played me like a fiddle" were I to have been with her on July 2nd? Think about it. How would I have met with my mother if TB had gotten me started? I just don't know what to think. Which way shall I go? Already, since this last fiasco, I have decided to go back on psychiatric MEDS. I haven't been on medication since January 2009; that's a year and a half — 18 months. I have had a rough year. Besides, Tolstoy says alcohol prevents one from making mental breakthroughs. }

⑦ we both were laughing. I layed on her body with my head on her breasts and hugged her. Does she sense I've been abducted by the police again? Am I becoming immune to encagement and institutionalization? Is there a spiritual component to this HERO's JOURNEY? "Nothing that is so, is so." The eccentric outlaw who refuses to seek employment may be one of the most sensitive intellectuals in the nation.

Nietzsche ~~so~~ said that if you want peace of mind, then believe, but if you want truth, then inquire. Hiedegger noted anxiety as our core mood. Now, if one desires peace of mind but the human condition is 90% ANXIETY, then one sets oneself up for endless despair — forever in the dark cave believing in the light. On the other hand, if one is able to embrace one's authentic miserable anxiety as the absolutely genuine condition of biological life, then the darkness of the cave does not overwhelm one. One does not have to suffer anxiety over anxiety, worry about worry, despair at one's despair! What am I saying? What do I know? I know that I will not miss Being Alive; I know that Existence Itself is NIGHTMARE.

(9) 4 July 2010. I was told yesterday that if I had any "mental health issues" that I am to notify the officer. The woman even asked if I was taking medication here in H-2. I said "yes" – but I have yet to receive meds. I guess I am pissed off about the attitudes of the nurses and guards. The psychiatrist and mental health personell seem to be the most caring. The truth is, we are on The Planet of the Apes.

Science-fiction... philosophy... How can I apply my mental-powers to liberate my Being while it is encaged? Perhaps many people in this situation seek comfort from "the Lord Jesus Christ" or "Allah" or YHWH or "the Great Spirit" or "the Universe" or "the Earth Mother" or some "Higher Power". It is tempting to believe "there is a plan, purpose, reason" for absurd situations such as this. My feeling is that these situations are meaningless.

I am an atheist, an existentialist, an absurdist, a phenomenologist. I wish I had access to the writings of my favorite philosophers while encaged. If I do get sentenced to several months, I will ask my Mother to ship me a copy of Schopenhauer's <u>World As Will & Representation</u>, Volume II. Unfortunately I have only a novel to read at the moment. Existential ANGST is what I feel. I shall write about it.

write much in my "journal" nor did I contribute much at all at the website. I wish I had given some people the address of the jail. By now, my real name is known - as in "The Insanely Hilarious Autobiographical Manifesto of Mike Hentrich".
{ The Creature is relieved to be out of the infirmary, if only so as to be able to breathe fresh air during "yard". Getting bailed out was a fool's paradise. I had been so thrilled, so complacent, forgetting that when I walk around intoxicated, my strong personality draws attention...} Anyway, I have no hope left. Even if my father blesses me by placing bail, there is a strong possibility I will be sentenced. Surely my sister is advizing him to leave me in jail at least until the 26th of July. If I lose section 8 and my social security gets cut, I enter a whole new dimension, one similar to 2004 & 2005, the Flame Motel Days... when I had confrontations with the Freehold Boro Police.

Is it possible to stop caring? What concerns me - having my diaries and a place to store them? Having a Kitchen? Stereo & a place to listen to loud music? Libraries? The Internet? What makes life worth living?

(11) {What is it, really, that makes life worth living for me?
This question assumes that life is indeed worth living. Perhaps it is NOT. Maybe self-love has a paradoxical effect on how worth living life is. If we have a great deal of self-love, we may not want to live precisely for the great compassion we have for ourselves.

Do I love myself? Greatly. I am my own hero. I am a living legend - the Sinning Philosopher! The great atheistic philosopher! I returned to the east coast to escape the miserable condition of my life in Federal Way, Washington. I was being arrested and thrown in the hospital when drunk & roaming. My neighbors were continually getting me in the hot seat. My behavior was erratic and often violent. I was homesick.

Did I imagine I would be incarcerated only 2½ months after returning? To me, it is sad, especially if I lose my housing assistance and end up trapped in some god-foresaken place like Habcore. What does life have to offer me in Monmouth County? In New Jersey in general? JAIL? Institutionalized housing? ~~And yet, there is~~ Is there nothing but jails & churches throughout the wasteland of America$?? Reflection, Meditation, Philosophizing makes life bearable!}

(13) Maybe "the Creature" is on the verge of a breakthrough, a transformation in which it draws inward, even more deeply than ever before, where the inner world is a million miles away from the concerns & values of mainstream society. There is no need for resolutions, no need for "programs"... I simply DETACH & TRANSCEND. I wish to begin a phase of serious detachment and transcendence where I no longer care about section 8, apartment, social security... all these things that are taken away from me should The Powers That Be wish to "put me in my place". In detaching from caring about practical concerns, the Creature transcends a great deal of anxiety. I would like to bail out before getting "sentenced" because I want the opportunity to store some clothes & journals & books somewhere... in a trailer at my sister's? You see, dear reader, my family has very few resources. To be honest, life is not worth living. It is becoming more difficult to "keep my life together". The more I lose, the more superior I feel to those who cling to their possessions. Even as I have once again been robbed of my liberty by the APPD, and even as I suspect family members of saying what a mistake it was to bail me out, those 7 days taught me something about my life in Asbury Park: I am condemned to hang in the apartment and the ocean if I want to avoid the police. There is no guarantee that others won't call the police on me. ~~simply~~ ~~because~~ DO they fear me?

(14) How is it possible to detach & transcend? I can't ignore the heartache. How about instead of detaching from my heartache, I explore my heartache? How about instead of trying to transcend the situation I am in, I give up and embrace the wretched truth? Explore and embrace! See things as they truly are: ABSURD. It is absurd that I am back in jail so soon! It is absurd that I am defenseless against police harassment.

Cause of arrest: seriousness of crime. Running through a flock of geese? Serious? Are the police simply demonic hounds of Hell there to torment my soul? I believe so. What is really going on? How do I battle these devils? I'm sure the pigs know me as the radical philosopher that I am, and I have clearly been targeted.

(15) What is there for me to do but to continue to be me? "Our Lord" was crucified by Roman Soldiers. I am being persecuted for being such a free-spirit. Writing becomes a cure for suicide, because when we explore what truly ails us, the pain seems to vanish as if by MAGIC!

I will use my mental-powers to explore my heart-world when awake as well as when asleep. I would like to reach my family while sleeping.

What was the name of the woman who wrote Memoirs of a Madwoman? She was French. How did she endure all those years in the asylum? She wrote. Well, let me write then. Most of the guards treat me like I'm a joke. A few of them show me sympathy. Now is when philosophy, Stoic philosophy specifically, can be applied. How do I respond to police harassment.

(16) {How do I respond to this third arrest in a matter of three months? What can I do? I can tell a public defender that the police are harassing me, tormenting me. At some point I must leave New Jersey to get away from this "rap sheet" I have accumulated in Monmouth County over the past 23 years. But, I know, I want to be near my mother, as she ages. If she relocates to Sweden, would I be able to follow her?} She will be going to Sweden for the first time in a couple of weeks.

I most likely will still be incarcerated. I doubt my father will take a chance bailing me out. My mother may be in Sweden July 26th when I go to court.

{I will have to summon my mental powers in the spirit of my literary heroes: Zamyatin was sentenced to 5 years hard labor in a Russian work prison on the charges of "parasitism". He was a poet who did not hold down a job. I believe I am being persecuted for being a deadbeat.}

(17) Solzhenitsyn was also in the Gulags: labor camp. Dostoevsky- labor camp. At least we are not forced to labor. Maybe we would rebel. Actually, here, labor is seen as a privilege. Go figure. What can I possibly leave the literary world? It pains me to be treated the way I am treated by the Asbury Park police. Brutos. Things is what they are. They are knuckle draggin baboons, and this is The Planet of the Apes. What shall be my revenge? A Confederacy of Dunces - type story? Why bother? I'm too lazy to create such a masterpeice. There has to be something I can do to exercise my mental faculties: Calculus? $f(x) = 3x^2 + 12x + 6$; $f'(x) = 6x + 12$ Boring. Would mathematical programming stimulate my brain? No, not at this point in my life.

What about something more emotional and less cerebral, something more earthy, less analytical? I really have no paper. Perhaps poetry, then? Maybe I can work on some poems that I can post whenever I get a chance, when this nightmare is over.

Sharing My Word With the World

(I)

Does anyone care to hear my word?
Compared to Scriptures, they think my word ~~but~~ is a turd?
Am I to really believe I deserve to be in a cage?
Just because I sometimes go off in a rage?
When do I get a chance to speak?
Fucking Asbury Park Police treat me like a freak!
They are the goons harassing the meek
~~As long as I'm living in the USA my life~~
Do they lay their hands on wealthy ~~bankers~~ beach bums?
Do they harass ~~those~~ the Landlords who own all the slums?
The Poor are expected to be meek and obedient
To be quiet as corpses, to just pay their rent
But not I, no, I am the albino ~~Stevie~~ Wonder
I'm a One-Man March who sings like the Thunder
The powers that be keep locking me up
Thinking that this will make me shut up
But I just become more indignant and mad
And when ~~your sys~~ the establishment collapses
I will be glad. I've got songs to write do
But I don't have a pad... oh, well

(19) Eventually one day the goons will release me
But even then I wonder how free can I be?
With so many of us locked up in cages for no reason
Families destroyed season after season
Sorry I just ~~won't~~ can't wait for
mental liberation
Starting right now I'm on permanent vacation
Vacation from worries, vacations from hope
I don't need the Vodka, you keep the dope
See, I've given up trying to make sense of nonsense
No justice, no peace, no recompense
In this absurd theater I'm the deadbeat loser
Even when I'm sober, the drones call me a boozer
I look in the eyes of those who think they rule
On some level I make clear I'm not their fool
And I'll never submit to becoming their tool
No longer do I count the minutes until I am free
There's a wilderness within me they cannot see
Within is the spirit that can't be broken
This is my word, Mudslide has spoken
I'm not your slave, & I'm not your token

(21) I recall from Vonnegut's Hocus Pocus the method H.H. went about writing his story. Well, my character may as well be me, and I will call myself Henry Heinrich. (Henry Wilhelm Heinrich). At this juncture in my life I find myself being repeatedly arrested and thrown in jail for the most ludicrous, ridiculous reasons, most often the result of over-aggressive blockheads in police uniforms. I am currently 43 years old, my father is approaching 69. For the first time in my life, he bailed me out June 23, 2010. It cost $1000. It's non-refundable. I was arrested June 30, 2010, a week later. THEY SAY I assaulted an officer while he was placing me under arrest for chasing geese around a lake! This is pure absurdity.

(22) Pure absurdity. I was sinking into a rather deep state of depression, agonizing over the fact that I would not be in jail again if I had not bailed out, but I still would have been in jail. Nonsense? Which is worse? Having never been out for those seven days or having been out but now with more charges? Well, I did cuddle up to and lick the thighs of that tall Moorish female, TB, and I did dive into the ocean, and I did visit with my mother... Oh, it is heartbreaking. It is difficult to find humor in any of this.

(23) I won't be writing much until I get a yellow pad in 4 days when canteen arrives. I want to cry like a baby for my mama; but, really, this is a mental battle. I can't afford to be broken so easily. My spirit will sustain me! Not "Our Lord & Savior Jesus Christ", but MY SPIRIT. And by spirit I mean heart, and by heart I mean mind, and by mind I mean brain. My brain will sustain me. I'm calling out to my Mental Powers.

(24) I would like to be a poetic philosopher like Cioran. I have to wait for more paper. In the meantime, what I do scribble ought to be conscise and not long-winded. So what kind of story is this Henry Heinrich going to tell? It's a story about the collapse of Western Civilization, from the perspective of one of the geniuses who is at the mercy of a confederacy of dunces. There is nothing the genius can do ~~but~~ observe (and complain). He begins an experiment in which he destroys the socially constructed identity he was conditioned to be so as to become his true PRIMITIVE ANIMAL SELF.

(25) Tom from 107 (cell) gave me 3 sheets of paper. I will write very small. I do not feel good at all about my father putting up $1000 to bail me out only to be arrested 7 days later, but I was disappointed to see how little I wrote when released. I mean, 2 pages in an entire week? Some days just a sentence or sentence fragment. Well, I was drunk: I dont write much at all when I'm inebriated. What I mean to say is that I now have some perspective on my "alcoholism." I have some insight into how self-destructive this inclination to seek oblivion is. Now, I sure dont want anything to do with ~~not~~ any Alcoholics Anonymous programs; no 12-steps, no "recovery groups," and no goddamn "drunk-a-logs"... but I do have some kind of story to tell. Who doesnt have a life-story? Myself, I'm more of a poetic philosopher: I think deeply and feel much. I experience the fascist police personally, directly. Not only have I been some kind of underground work-dodging blogger/philosopher/radical thinker, but I have also been a mad scribbler of drunken outbursts. Wherever I go, my presence seems to invite hostility - and yet, I am pretty much accepted as is by most "inmates," "prisoners" ... "jailbirds." While most of the population is out there in the "day space" playing cards, watching television, or working out, I am holed up in my cell scribbling away at this tiny desk, a tiny desk I wish I had in the apartment at Asbury Park. Since I am such a loner, I dont have any friends I miss - exept for some hangers on ... who I can get along without. Note to self: Avoid women who are chasing cocaine: I want to experiment with living like a REBEL MONK, like Ikyuu... but I do not want to slip back into binges. This experience of returning to jail after being bailed out for 7 days with more charges to face has made it very clear to me that, as long as I am inebriated in public, it will be nearly impossible to avoid being "set up" by the PIGS. It is much more difficult for the PIGGIES to entrap me when I am stone cold sober or a little high on weed. Charles Bukowski is a poor role model. I wish I could get out of this cell so as to enjoy my mother's company more... I love her a great deal. Maybe I can destroy this socially constructed "identity" who has been trained to fear public opinion, and my true primitive self may come to the surface.

 It is a tricky literary experiment I am engaged in here. Henry Heinrich is in search of his inner being, the primordial creature that eats, fucks, stays warm & dry, longs to Roam free. Can he find it while incarcerated? Sure he can! In such circumstances we become intimate with the longings of our flesh for autonomy, liberty, freedom from constraints.

And yet encagement is a punishment system implemented by the State to impose its authority, whereby much artificial power is granted to thug police, the strongarm of the State-mafia where the dons are the arrogant prick judges and cold hearted cunt prosecutors.

Personally, I feel as though I killed the socially constructed self a long time ago; but remnants remain. When intoxicated on alcohol — "the White Man's poison", am I my True Self? No, not at all. Much of the unconscious rage within me is unleashed, usually uncontrolably. Maybe I can better be my "most natural ANIMAL self" without intoxitants.

I want to recall the dismal boredom of sitting in a chair drinking beer listening to the radio, being unable to write or read or think clearly. That disturbed me. What kind of freedom CHAINS one to liquor stores? What kind of freedom encages one indoors so as to drink the brain into oblivion?

What Henry Heinrich is up to know is a major breakthrough: recording the process by which he is able to acknowledge that he is mentally & emotionally healthier without imbibing/injesting alcohol (and most likely tobacco too... but let's tackle alcohol first). Hence, with those 7 days of freedom (which cost his 69 year old hard working WORKHORSE father $1000), he was able to experience disappointment: freedom didn't feel so great. The tricky part is "how to avoid that downward spiral upon release?" How does Henry Heinrich plan to avoid the PATTERNS-OF-BEHAVIOR that lead to his demize? Alcohol abuse must be a symptom of some deeper ailment. What is the nature of that underlying ailment? SPIRITUAL? What the fuck is a spiritual ailment? My PRIMITIVE NEEDS are starved and unsatisfied...

(28) If I think too much about ~~how~~ my current situation I could sink into depression. I must be prepared to remain in jail this time ... even if it means I lose my apartment. I know this would break my heart, but I can no longer afford to be soft-hearted. I feel terrible for my mother who so wanted me to be free to be a beach bum this summer. Damn alcohol and damn police robbed me of this — and yet, a lone wolf laying on the beach is not so great anyway. Please consciousness! Please do not torment me with regret! What good is it to regret? Will it change a damn thing? FATE IS CRUEL.

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Tonight I was given a 25 mg capsule of Sinaquan (for depression & anxiety). In such small doses, one of the side-effects is sleepiness, which can be a blessing in a place like jail. I will conserve paper. This is still quite a nightmare, but I am amazed to witness I am not flipping out. I guess it is because my father has been very understanding. I sense that he grasps the thug-like nature of the APPD, especially with the ridiculous reason for arresting me: chasing wild life? attacking geese? What a fucking god damn sad joke those dangerous clowns are — armed, dangerous, and representing the State! Note: my heal & ankle still in pain. Perhaps I will use this time in jail to REST it, to heal. My rent is paid until August. I'll just hang tight and think about how I might go about exploring & embracing my authentic responses to environs while learning to detach from possessions and transcend circumstances by not taking my experiences too personally. After all, this is the Iron Prison — the Planet of the Apes — a Confederacy of Dunces!

5 July 2010 (Monday): Waking up sober actually feels quite pleasant. I don't want to stay in jail but I wonder if it is even worth bailing out if court is July 26th. That's just the initial appearance. Why can't I be RORed in the meantime? The officer is not honest. There's no reason for me to be locked up. I'm afraid my father doesn't want to risk it. Shit.

(75) To anyone observing Henry from the outside, he must have appeared to have gone mad; which is precisely what he had done. In fact, this had been his intention. This mental progression into the Terra incognitia of the mind was, for Henry, the ultimate mental liberation from the boundaries and constraints of a socially constructed mass-hallucination of so-called "reality". His goal had always been to transcend this mass-hypnosis. Even as Henry was trapped in his cell without scrap paper to scribble the "transmissions from inner space", his living story continued to unfold. The saga continued despite the fact he could not record or even verbalize the activity of the bad-ass chemicals dancing demonically in the Cognitive Unconscious... what our ancestors must have called "The Spirit World" or "the parallel universe". The latest "transmissions" are about Emotional Algebra as well as a grammar that incorporates mathematical & computational operators/functions.

(89) Dear faithful reader, How these words have reached you is a great mystery to ~~you~~ me, but I shall continue to write my indictment against ~~my~~ my society as though I have just begun. I direct my literary assault not only against the Powers That Be and their minions who oversee the vulnerable human bodies born into this ~~cottage~~ black iron prison, but also against the hordes of drones who unreflectively defer to the status quo, who pass on wealth-warped values to the beings they breed, and to the sports-enthusiasts who are more concerned with the statistics of organized sports athletes than with social justice, economic terrorism, ecological degradation, and intellectual abomination. Surely the wisest geniuses of our society end up going bitterly insane after being ignored, ridiculed, and persecuted throughout their lives.

I will attempt to make the most of my captivity. Even without pads of paper, I am managing to record some of my reflections. Part of me wishes to actually create a masterpeice of a novel, a dark tragicomedy, an angry & bitter attack against the system which allows police to arrest whoever they please for no reason other than the fact that the individual defies their retarded worldview. The police are offended by my intelligence and my charismatic personality. Perhaps I will call my novel "SHIT LIST". Four minutes to headcount. I shall find scrap paper.

(98) On my third reading of Toole's A Confederacy of Dunces, I am rather disturbed by the conversation his mother Irene is having over at officer Mancuso's. (p 202-205): "I gotta do something. I gotta call the authorities to come take that boy away... Maybe they put him in a detention home or something." Could this be part of Toole's genius, that he has zoomed into how fascism operates in our society, through mommy-daddy-me? On p 203 Irene says, "Ignatius woulda been locked up SAFE IN JAIL."

His own mother is his enemy? the villian? She betrays him. She seems to be his worst critic. Is this how our 12-Step Brainwashed Society operates? On p 204: "It was all Ignatius' fault. He's my own flesh and blood, but he sure does look funny when he goes out. Angelo shoulda locked him up." And finally, on p 205, she says to the cop, "I should have let you lock him away, Angelo. Mr Robichaux, you don't know Ignatius. He makes trouble every place he goes."

Now I am thinking of renaming the scribblings I've jotted down over the past two months (since May 18th, 2010). Instead of "The Insanely Hilarious Autobiographical Manifesto of Mike Hentrich", I will name the set of scribblings:

" ~~Scribblings of~~ "Scribblings ~~of~~ Summer 2010"?

"JAIL SCRIBBLINGS 2010". It will become a long chapter in the multivolumed: Memoirs of a Mad Prophet

 2:30PM and the goon squad is still harassing inmates, searching cells while we are all so hungry... the lunch cart has been in our wing since a little after noon, and we know it. How unthinking and uncaring! One day this society will pay. Most the inmates are here on trumped up charges like myself. We're expected to sit here and starve quietly. All I can do is reflect upon all the hungry in the world. I am one with the hungry, downtrodden, abused. Never again will anyone treat me as though I have not paid my dues! The guards are throwing cards, chess pieces, toilet paper-used-as-pillows, stored bread, sponges --- so much out over the balcony in the name of "looking for weapons, drugs, & tobacco." By now we are so very hungry, we most likely can't believe these fuckers are so uncaring and unthinking. They love to see us MISERABLE. It is a psychological operation to break our spirits. Maybe we are too happy when our canteen comes. I guess canteen will come mañana. I sure hope we eat lunch by 3PM. I've never seen anything like this before. Where do they find these inbreds to be guards and police? (It is now after 3PM. We're about to be fed)

At last, at 3:30PM I ~~we~~ am are fed! In a few more hours we will be ready for dinner. What to do but sleep? I drift out of sleep into the present... 6PM... soon to be fed again. What is this Fortuna Ignatius Reilly speaks of? Downward spirals. Is it like Fate? What a hideous trick Fate played on me this summer! When will this bad cycle end? Or will this be the final cycle leading to the end? All my education at CBA - did it prepare me for prison? Prison may have pushed me deeper into philosophy and the occult, which I studied like a rebel monk for the decade I worked for the State Park Service as a maintenance worker. That ended with incarceration as well... Hence 1986 to 1998. When I get a pad I may flashback from 1999 to the present.

16 July 2010 FRI

{1}

A CIRCLE WITHIN A CIRCLE

As soon as I received legal pads and envelopes I wrote Dad a 6 page letter but am unable to drop it in the mailbox. Communication with the outside world has been stopped; "special administrative measures". The entire institution is on lockdown. What need do I have of creating a work of fiction? I will continue to use every opportunity I have to record my communicable thoughts. That which is incommunicable will remain unverbalized. I may not be permitted to speak or sing or write in public, but what I can do is express myself intelligently like the French author of Memoirs of a Madwoman, who was unjustly confined to a mental asylum for 14 years.

When I sleep, the inner life of my heart is explored: connections to Shalonda, connections to nephew, to father ... social fabric revealed. Perhaps when I get out of this jail, IF I get out, I can look into Boethius' The Consolation of Philosophy. What can I do but continue my life as a scholar? I already know too much to ever be comfortable again. Expressing myself clearly in writing will reveal the god-like omniscience of my heartmind (BRAIN, higher faculties), what Kant called "The Faculty of Reason". He is writing about the organ we know as THE BRAIN.

This is the source of my Rich Inner Life. If I can concentrate these mental faculties, I may be able to express conclusions, hypotheses, and theories in an articulate and focused manner. Thus, intellectually / psychologically, I make my captivity work to my advantage, doing what Christ failed to do: document.

 The following song/poem was first written on pages 18 & 19 of the introduction (the loose sheets) early on around July 4th.

Sharing My Word With the World

I Does anyone care to hear my word?
Or do they flush me down the toilet
As though my word were a turd?

Am I to believe I deserve to be in a cage
Just because I sometimes go off in a rage?

II When will I get ~~a~~ the chance to speak?
Why do the police treat me like a freak?
Those Asbury Park goons are harassing the meek!
I got out of jail, they arrested me again ~~in a~~ after one week
(for chasing wild geese?)

Do they harass landlords who own all these slums?
They ~~have~~ don't dare lay their hands on the wealthy beach bums

Yet the poor penniless ~~devil~~ peasants ~~has~~ are to be so obedient
Expected to be as quiet as ~~a~~ corpses and just pay ~~his~~ their rent
To be ever so humble, to always repent

But not I, no, I'm the Albino Wonder
I'm a One Man March who sings like the Thunder

The powers that be keep locking me up
Thinking that this will force me to shut up

But I just become more indignant and mad
When the white establishment collapses
I'll be so glad
I've got all these songs to jot down
But I don't have a pad
Oh, well...

Eventually one day the goonsquad will have to release me
But even then, how free will I be?
With so many of us locked away for no reason
Entire families destroyed season after season

Now my only goal is Mental Liberation
Starting right now I'm on permenant vacation

Vacation from worries
Vacation from hope
I don't need the Vodka
You keep the dope
And, no, you won't find me
Hanging from a rope
I never bow down to Kings or the Pope
Listen, I've given up trying to make sense out of nonsense
No justice, no peace, no recompense

In this absurd theater I'm the deadbeat loser
Even when I'm sober, the drones call me a boozer
I look right into the eyes of those who ~~think~~ they rule
And make it very clear that I'm not their fool

(109) And I'll never break down or become their tool

I don't count the minutes until the moment I'm free
Because there's a wilderness within me they cannot see

I'm not their slave and ~~I'm not~~ I don't need their ~~a~~ token
I've got ~~the~~ a spirit that just can't be broken
This is my word — Mudslide has spoken

~ Mudslide Mike
(Henry Heinrich)

* I will send a copy of this to my sister after calling my Mom.

also, what are some of the tittles I thought of over the past couple weeks (100 pages)? I have time to go through it later. I have nothing but time. I don't have access to my old scribblings from 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009 or even from the 40 days I was in this dungeon in May and June of this year. Therefore, I can't very well work on reconstructing Memoirs of a Mad Prophet, Volume Two (1999 to 2011).

All I can do is continue these Jailhouse Scribblings. Presently I am savouring the relief we feel upon being released from our cells. When a phone becomes available, I will call my mother to speak to her for the last time before she goes to Sweden. I will certainly try to focus on her, to let her know how precious she is to me, and to remind her to ENJOY HERSELF. Remember to say, "I love you Mom."

This third time reading Toole's A Confederacy of Dunces I find the story kind of sad. In the last chapter (14), I ~~se~~ see some redeeming ~~redeeming~~ qualities in Irene Reilly, Ignatius' mother. She sees the mental hospital as alternative to jail. In Monmouth County, the jail IS the mental institution! Mrs. Reilly thinks she is trying to save Ignatius from jail, but she also wants him out of the nest so as to lure in a "provider" - Mr. R (Claude).

It is at the point when Mrs Reilly has trouble saying goodbye to Ignatius that the story becomes quite sad for me. It's complex. TRAGICOMICAL.

She realizes that Ignatius' instinct which made him reject employment had been valid.

"To his mother's limited mind the psychiatric ward would seem an attractive alternative. It was just like her, with the very best of intentions, to have her child harnassed by a straight-jacket and electricuted by shock treatments. Of course, his mother might not be considering this at all."

To Ignatius, "Jail was preferable. There they only limited you physically. In a mental ward they tampered with your soul and worldview and mind."

This time through the reading, I could not help but see Myrna as my nephew's wife, Robin... saving my poor nephew from his psychosis - the way he had been treated by his parents and sisters still makes my heart ache for him, and I am grateful to Robin & Hannah for caring enough about him to give attention to his development. I am a bit remorseful for my drunken behavior out in Washington. I still have some issues as I am extremely paranoid, believing myself to be a radical philosopher with the potential to lead some kind of literary movement like Zamyatin - or even an underground community like his fictional Mephi from the novel, We.

I feel more comfortable with my notebooks. I mean, these legal pads will allow me to document my thought-processes. Already I have sent letters out to Dad, my sister Tami, and a woman I care for a great deal but who does not feel any romantic attraction toward me, "Miss Sharonda".

I drank enough coffee to keep me up all night. Maybe my father will visit tomorrow morning. I can discuss (1) putting $100 in account by Monday, (2) the chances of bailing out after 7/26.

I will tell Dad to use all 1150 if he has to... after 7/26, I'm bailing self out.

S	M	T	W	Th	F	Sat
18	19	20	21	(22)	23	24
25	(26)	27	28	(29)	30	(31)

1250 − 1150

1150 − 100

>>> 1050 AUG − 310

 I have encountered the absurd. I have proven to be a thorn in the side of those who pay defference to the status quo. By refusing to even make an attempt to "earn a living" or become "gainfully employed," I am criminalized, categorized as a parasite, scavenger, bum. This is the Tyranny of Public Opinion! I have a few fans from around the world. Surely my life will not end well. My mother blocks this from her mind.

Maybe there are several clues in Toole's novel which I can investigate and reflect deeply upon. Nobody on this wing seems interested in reading Dunces. I wonder why. I am an outcaste, rejected by the mob. A few people seem to hate me - just like in Seattle. The Native is my ally. He recognizes my intelligence. I AM A NATURAL FIVE PERCENTER IN THE FLESH. I am not a member of a "gang". I am simply a phenomenon. I refuse to be brainwashed. I won't be a ROBOT! I know I am being punished for my refusal to conform to the soul-killing modern way. Like my fictional hero, Ken Kesey's Randal Patrick MacMurphy of One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest I am alive & kicking, and locking horns with authority. Has my very own sister chosen to take an authoritative stance toward me? She would like to see me "reformed".

No, I will not submit to having brainwashed drones tamper with my soul and worldview and mind. I may be one of the few, one of the most intelligent beings in Monmouth County — a rare specimen with a god-like mind. The time has come for me to SHINE. I am in a correctional facility, i.e. A "TREATMENT CENTER". FIGHT THE POWERS THAT BE.

(127) They also have been damaged by being born into this civilization. If I can understand each of them, I am better able to love each of them. Aren't these "internal events" more important than whether I am free to purchase beer & tobacco or go swimming in the ocean?

Jails are wrong. Yes. Still, I have a rich inner life that I can explore. I can enjoy my higher mental faculties in the privacy of my own mind.

The fact that most people are not on my wavelength is the very reason I am always scribbling. I am CONVERSING WITH MYSELF, hence — the consolation of philosophy!

Was Arthur Schopenhauer ever incarcerated or thrown in a dungeon? No, but he had great compassion for those in work prisons (debtor prisons) and for abused animals. He pointed out the wretchedness of Christian & Muslim & Jewish "civilizations".

As revenge against the robocops of the State I will console myself with philosophy. I will also have compassion for my confused father and my sister. They care about me. I will show them my god-like nature by becoming more psychologically independent.

(130) The first time I read Schopenhauer was around 1990 I believe. It was in a book given to me by Claire - a young woman I was "fucking with" when I was an employee at Freehold McDonald's back in the 1980's, when I was 17... 1984 to be exact. Well, after I was released from jail and working full-time at Cheesequake State Park - which I hated - I discovered SCHOPENHAUER. He wrote that LIFE IS EVIL. He was the first thinker to be so honest. I began to suspect I was a genius since I shared some of the same qualities as this great mind Arthur Schopenhauer. I began collecting his books. When I get out of jail I will be sure to get back into WWR VII and even Guns, Germs, & Steel by Jared Diamond.

I may not even bother taking books out at the library. I will edit some of my posts on the website at isis.phpbb3now.com and let the Heretics know I will be keeping a low profile.

Doesn't it make sense that "Man created God in his own image"? Atheism is a real problem to so many schemes. Schopenhauer was an atheist. Buddhists are atheists. Ignorant dunces say "The Buddha is the god of Buddhists". No. Not at all. The Buddha is an enlightened teacher. An idea, an ideal.

I've had it with Higher Power crap. I just want to be left alone. Surely I will want to avoid alcohol from now on, even beer. I'm not fucking around with my freedom anymore.

Even Mel Gibson, with all his money, gets arrested when he is drinking alcohol. He's a screamer like I am. I guess I am one who easily draws attention to himself. Since I am arrested for disturbing people when I speak in public, when I ACT OUT, then I guess I have to limit myself to writing.

I will continue to write on the Internet.

There is a definite relief that comes from facing the truth of our situation: having been born has been a COSMIC ACCIDENT which there seems to be no way to back out of.

This insomnia ... Could it help me articulate my situation? When I was 16, I said LIFE SUCKS. When I was 18 I was SUICIDAL. I sensed that life is a nightmare. I wanted OUT. There's no easy way out! It's best NOT to reproduce. Life itself is inherently EVIL. Mankind is a wretched species. We would be better off having never been born. Now, once born, it is best to die soon!

Getting out a jail will not liberate me from the nightmare of ~~ex~~ existence, in general.

(133) 18 July 2010 It's been 2 months since my life entered this terrible cycle, when I was attacked on my porch and reacted so crazily to the police knocking on my door. I still believe that has much to do with even my latest arrest. Fuck. I've been in another 18 days, and the worse is yet to come unless I get "probation". Maybe I'll just get 28 days and I will only have a week or so.

Either way, whatever happens, being born is a misfortune for all; it's not personal, although some have more misfortune than others. It even appears that the wicked & unjust do best in this life, while the gentle and meek suffer most.

By now my life experience confirms and validates Schopenhauer's pessimistic philosophy. What compelled him to write and to publish what he wrote must have been the knowledge that what went on in his mind was an uncommon phenomenon that was best shared. He was an educator of mankind. He saw the error in the mentality of his contemporaries and the hogwash in the most revered texts & traditions. He did not take comfort in a Higher Power. He was only consoled by his own higher faculties (his brain).

Likewise I am also consoled by my brain. Even as I slept, the brain was chanting to itself: care not, care not, detach from worries, you are trapped, the body-mind/life-world is in captivity, to lower anxiety we must learn to die. Not only this, This brain of mine continually reminds me that life itself is very lonely for me.

 Struggling is meaningless. We must accept. 18 July 2010 Sunday

We have to remove the word "struggle" from our vocabulary. One day the silent majority (upper middle-class), which is about 15% of the population, will not have the resources to imprison all the individuals captured and detained by police forces. But today is not "One day..." Today I am encaged over lies and hearsay. Today my mother leaves for Scandanavia on an airplane. My heart can feel it. How hurt Arthur Schopenhauer must have been by his mother. He did not speak to her for the last 25 years of her life! She could not endure his company. His own father committed suicide when Arthur was 17. Thus, A.S. lived without any "mommy-daddy-me". He attained emotional independence early on, along with some bitterness, but his bitterness was tempered by his understanding, which produced his compassion for human behavior. He considered mankind to be a wretched species. It is not difficult for me to see why.

If there is a non-human intelligence we can call The Creator of the Universe, she must have cherished Arthur Schopenhauer who saw clearly Her omnipresence as the very kernel of Nature itself. The "existentialist", the "phenomenologist", the "philosopher" in general, is able to carry on his/her "work" in captivity. Wasn't Albert Camus hinting at this in his novel, The Stranger (The Outsider)? On the day before his execution, he was able to "enjoy" the sunshine on his face. He had no need of a priest.

Our adversities may strengthen us, for we do not know what we have in reserve until we are in a situation that forces us to reach deeper within our reserves for courage. Environment begins with "the Subject". One temperment is able to endure situations which may drive another temperment insane.

After 3 cups of coffee, sitting in the sunshine, out in the yard, with a full belly, I accept the great peace I feel. It may be called "a pleasant cycle" within a miserable cycle. The breeze kisses my brow and I reflect upon my mother's voyage to Sweden, the origin of some of our ancestors: It's not exactly Africa, but it is closer to our origins than North America (The New World).

Franz Kafka had written a story called "The Penal Colony".
It wasn't so hot. I read it during my previous 40 day trip through the jail when I had been in I-1. Kafka got the term penal colony most likely from reading Arthur Schopenhauer. Schopenhauer's phrase was "the penal colony of existence". Schopenhauer's worldview saw all living beings as "chained to biological necessity." In this sense, there is no escape from the penal colony of existence unless, in death, we becoming nothing.

For some people, their house (with high mortgages) is their prison. Their wife/husband/family the guard/warden/keeper of the keys. For others, their business or the company which employs them could be their prison. ~~Joe Kili~~ Daniel Quinn refers to the entire Industrialized World as Taker Prison. Just as there are officers overseeing the microprisons; there are officers overseeing the macroprisons.

A question had occured to me many times, and I'm sure it occurs to other inmates from time to time: Is it possible for a genuine prisoner of a correctional facility, locked in a cell, to be more free than a wealthy prince or princess in their mansion with access to cash, alcohol, drugs, sex, food, and entertainment? Perhaps there are truths in "the Bible" that become a treasure to the pure of heart, and I may have been so proud that I throw away the baby with the bath-water when I reject the gems of that literature simply because I witness the wretchedness of the "manifest destiny" WAR PROPAGANDA of other parts.

 How do we measure "freedom" or "liberation"?

Which is more vital, to be free of physical restraints or to be free of mental restraints? Nietzsche was a free thinker who had said, "For those who wish for inner peace and mental equillibrium, believe. For those who wish to behold truth, inquire."

There is "freedom from" and "freedom to". We can be free to drink alcohol, but may not be free from the desire to drink more alcohol. We are free to think whatever we want but not free from the limits of our mental faculties and sensory apparatus.

While living, we are not free of biological necessities. What I have been striving for my entire life has been authenticity. I wish to be AUTHENTIC. I dislike phony individuals who lack insight into the shadowy side of life itself. Having lived my life as a philosopher, I have not gathered possessions, nor have I produced children, nor have I acquired a wife, social status, titles. My failure to fit into this Culture-of-Make-Believe may be counted as a success.

Surely the patience I am developing while held captive may prove to have lasting value. What did Cioran mean when he said it takes a monster to see things as they are? Authenticity implies true reality, where what appears to be is what actually is. Perception does not equal reality.

(141) I will treasure my days out of the dungeon and prepare my mind for possible time to serve after "sentencing". I intend to tackle serious reading projects simultaneously. Less fear, more writing, more reading, more thinking, more observing and focusing.

I am presently thinking of my mother on a plane bound for Scandanavia. While Old Freddie Brown would have said, "Nobody cares about what you're thinking about, Mike!" since these are automatic writings meant to be read only by me, I don't have to be concerned with my "audience" and all that other pretentious crap.

These imaginary readers, like that ~~opinated~~ openionated Russle from I-1 who criticized J.D. Salinger's A Catcher in the Rye, they can poke a stick at a masterpeice, make a joke at the expense of a genius, and proclaim that all that matters in this life are "money & pussy". This is what Schopenhauer refers to as vulgarity. He had observed that when men gather, most conversation degrades to vulgarity.

Another "mentally liberating" aspect of memoirs-as-literature-of-authenticity is that since the rhetoric is a conversation with oneself there is less self-deception. One can experiment with FORBIDDEN TRUTHS, overcoming fears, phobias, and nueroses simply by exploring regions hidden from the social fabric. Surely, automatic writing is not a waste of time when the Subject is locked away in a JAIL CELL.

 Bertrand Russell claimed that keeping a diary was a morbid practice. Would he prefer doing mathematics? I have no motivation for performing mathematical exercises. Why must everything we do be useful? Perhaps useless endevours are loftier.

In jail I am forced to face the RAW REALITY of my aloneness. My mother & father & sister are the only human beings who care enough about me to acknowledge my existence. I returned from Washington - 3,300 miles away, to be near them. Maybe, after this last arrest, I may be prepared to experiment with living day to day without stupifying my brain.

I can call it The Tolstoy Solution. ~~as ever~~ I seem to have already sworn off "white man's labor". If I give up alcohol, I will be living the foundations of The Ghost Dance ... becoming The Ghost Shirt Society. If my nephew were to come through New Jersey, I might be able to get passed old feelings.

I am BEING ME the most when I am DOING NOTHING BUT THINKING. I can do alot of this even and especially from inside a jail cell! BEING AUTHENTIC, DOING NOTHING.

People wonder what I am "DOING WITH MY LIFE". If I spend entire days doing nothing but CONTEMPLATING, some would accuse me of being lazy, of being a deadbeat, and of wasting my life. They would prefer I paint someone's house, clean gutters, repair broken machinery, be a soldier, flip hamburgers for a restaurant, etc. I refuse to labor in the mines of people's ignorance. In isolation my mind pulsates. These scribblings document my mental progression.

(143) Alone I am whole. Alone I am a life-world.
Schopenhauer wrote, "The world is my idea."
I say, "I am my life-world." The next chapter
of these Jail Scribblings will be called "A Literature of
Authenticity". Forget writing a science-fiction novel!
I'll invent an entirely new genre! The ANTI-NOVEL,
an autobiographical manifesto that will reveal the
strangeness of everyday reality, thereby surpassing
science-fiction and philosophy as a Literature of
Authenticity. Memoirs-as-a-literature-of-authenticity.
Not "science-fiction" but anti-fiction or
even using the "creative imagination and intuition" to explore
possible realities. Autobiographical Science-Fiction?
It is not so much that "real life" is as strange as science-
fiction, but that what passes for science-fiction tackles
philosophical issues that could be approached more
directly simply by examining everyday life.

We can call it Autobiographical Phenomenology as
a Literature of Authenticity. Craig (Johnny Jackson's
other nephew - not the one fuckin' with B's sister, Briana) just
came into H-2. He's been in "prison" since I saw him
in 2007. He was arrested in Asbury Park, by Neptune Police.
Now he's heading to K-3 in Newark, a half-way house. I
mentioned that Asbury Park is like SCIENCE-FICTION
twilight zone shit where the police yell in your face and
arrest you for damn near anything and lie to trump
up charges. I mentioned old Harry. Craig remembers Harry!

{ 3 }

A LITERATURE OF AUTHENTICITY

Autobiographical Phenomenology. Since "doing phenomenology" consists in examining, observing, and discovering the life-world, and autobiography implies writing ~~a~~ literary documentation of one's personal experiences, thoughts, feelings, and world view, my entire collection of diaries, private notebooks, memoirs can be viewed as a multivolumed "work". Where does science-fiction come into this? Well, I have some theories, suspicions, intuitions in my imagination that I want to explore but lack any substantial evidence. I can't prove these theories and, so I would feel more free to imagine the nature of what is going on if I call my scribblings "science-fiction." This is where philosophy ~~a~~ becomes science-fiction as Deleuze and Guattari said it must (ANTI-OEDIPUS).

I have already discussed with several people, including old Harry who also gets harassed by these thug police, the violent hatred the Asbury Park Police seem to have toward me, the way they mock & torment me when I'm in the cell, how they tell me they want me out of Asbury Park for good. Orders come from the top only. They are controlled by those who want to ~~keep~~ turn Asbury Park into GORTVILLE, thereby chasing out what police

 categorize as "suspicious characters". There is a nightmarish quality to the smirks and grins of these police. Prison Planet of the Police . . . It is all too real. This is not make-believe even though I may seem to be paranoid. I am real. The fictional character, Taylor, of the science-fiction story, Planet of the Apes, is not real, of course. The talking gorilla soldiers and chimpanzee doctors and orangutan judges are not real, of course. And yet the sociological dynamics they represent are real. Truth is suppressed by those who want to rule the social order!

The managers of society are not concerned with truth or ethics. They only are concerned with following orders, pleasing those who they serve, impressing their peers and superior officers. By going after a radical bohemian like myself, they make points with the unseen Lords & Masters of the Jersey Shore.

The story of the Nazarene is lived.

The fact that officers had a problem with old Harry and I having a conversation about drilling for oil on the Jersey shore, that they actually ordered us to walk separate ways back, in April before I was first arrested, after Harry had just been released from jail after the police broke his leg, gives me the creeps. They hate intelligence.

(149) [DAD] He doesn't communicate with me. That he doesn't write me makes me suspicious of his mental state. Perhaps he too harbors secret animosity toward me for my hostility toward "white man's labor/work". He is always breaking his back, and he may feel this makes him a better man than some lazy bookworm who goes on and on about how he refuses to be brainwashed, refuses to be a robot or soldier or slave. I have the ability to bail myself out. Once again. Does this upset my father? Why is he not motivated to follow through? No letter or visit.

Until I hear from him, I have no choice but to just relax and continue to rest: my infection is healing, my heel is healing. Even my ankle is feeling a lot better. Maybe my family will notice the inner transformations which have taken place over the past few weeks.

Self-observation. Focusing the laser beam of awareness on awareness itself. Observing the process of observation. This is what phenomenology means to me. Get your buck knife out Alcoholic Ed Abbey, I'm prepared to kick you in the nuts. Cognitive dissonance. That sensation one gets when one does not really feel the way one would expect oneself to feel. It happens when I consider Ed Abbey. JDF recommends him as an ecology hero, an environmental terrorist, a saboteur. And yet his books reveal his racist, sexist, arrogant redneck attitudes

150 Is Ed Abbey supposed to be a "real man" — an anti-intellectual intellectual? Ed's got a problem with phenomenologists and other "German philosophers" who supposedly spend too much time indoors. I don't know how I expect myself to "feel" about Ed Abbey. I know that I am confused by my hostility toward his racism and sexism and general machismo... kind of have the same cognitive dissonance about Charles Bukowski.

There's also the cognitive dissonance in an entirely different direction: that sometimes I am content being locked away in a cage by the State as it seems to validate or confirm my "dangerousness" — that I am too wild for the gorts, that the gorts are afraid to have my wildness out there preaching my Gospel of Contradictions, Paradoxes, Irony.

By becoming a convict I join the ranks of the outlaw class who oppose the ruling class. I am not really in the slave class (a rebel slave). And I am no ordinary "criminal", but some kind of "political prisoner". I am in a cage basically because the police hate my intelligence and the managers of this plantation hate my lifestyle. I exist as a true scholar. I am opposed to the wealth-warped values of the bourgeoisie.

I am supposed to be miserable in jail, but when I accept this condition and cease my senseless desire for physical freedom, I discover the ~~path~~ inner passageways that lead to the mental wilderness within my mind and the internal weather systems of my emotional states. Nature is within me.

I AM NATURE. I BELONG TO MY SELF.

 Perhaps JK Toole was well aware that his worldview's conflict with those of "Black America" who aspired to rise in social status and material prosperity. He touches a nerve. There is no way to make Ignatius "likeable". And yet I was able to see past the blubber, the Dr Nuts, the attitudes about strict Catholicism, his spoiled mannerisms. Is it because I recognize his genius in his views about the modern world, new cars, hair spray, etc?

Maybe this is a great sociological/anthropological experiment/study, coming into the jail and getting a first hand account of a Black Intellectual's assessment of A Confederacy of Dunces and the characters Ignatius Reilly as well as Jones.

I must have odd taste. Myself, I rather like the voice of Ignatius J Reilly; especially when he is writing his indictments against society. I guess I ought to accept that I am a rare specimen, that my "tastes" are peculiar. Another BAIL BONDSMAN: Freehold 732 780 5100

Maybe I am destined to become a philosopher in my own right, and a character in his own right as well.

Martin Dean of A Fraction of the Whole is a writer of memoirs. Ignatius Reilly of A Confederacy of Dunces is a writer of journals. I am such a character.

And so, I write, I scribble; I keep track of this absurd comedy. The philosopher in chains.

The deadbeat genius. A highly tenacious creature able to transcend ~~environments~~ oppression by sheer mental power.

What is "A Literature of Authenticity?" It is an anti-novel (of ideas, theories, phenomenological observations). As film HENRY FOOL stated, "It is, in the end, whatever the Hell I want it to be." While circumstances, situations, environments, set-backs, and events outside my control will surely dictate what I record of my "life-world" experiences, such "background" will serve as a plot and forum for me to explore any lofty theory that pops into my head.

This is not entertainment, although it may prove to be entertaining. At this point, with my mother gone just one day, I must admit that I resent the lack of correspondance from my father. He is burying his head in the sand thinking this will solve the problem. Who else could I have entrusted with my ATM card and pin number? I am almost certain my father will come through for me, especially after he receives the last couple letters I sent. If I am not bailed out by Saturday (7/24) and he does not visit Saturday, I may become quite agitated.

The last correspondance I received from my sister was sent out 7/13, last week. Was it from my sister? postmarked from Trenton, no return address. It looks like her hand writing. Printed. "Grant us Thy truth to make us free". Also Galatians 4:4-7 and Dt 30:6 What the fuck? My bowl is empty. My stomach is empty. My cup - empty. My head is full of Dark Truth: Truth does not set you free. The truth is an ugly and horrible thing. Only a MONSTER CAN BEHOLD TRUE REALITY.

X

Perhaps I will look back upon this particular "incarceration", this particular "series of scribblings," this exact "aphorism", and be able to say with certainty, "It was at this point in my development that I became the Cioran of the Apocalypse", when I began to utter "aphorisms," when I was able to be satisfied with the limited verbalization of a thought and move on.

X

That Universities have become business enterprises places professors under the scrutiny of professional managers. The professor-as-employee of the State.

And yet, even in Schopenhauer's era, wasn't it the State who promoted employees like Hegel over genuine "professors" such as Arthur?

X

I sometimes read my mysterious scribblings out loud in the little concrete yard. I do so with gusto and passion. Other inmates appear to enjoy my rhetoric. I get to practice in jail. Practice what?

The Revolutionary Gospel of Insanity! Hoo-HA! If the revolution is ever televized, I would be honored if the actor playing me were Al Pacino, or at the very least Woody Harrelson.

Lo and behold. Has any jailbird been in the midst of creating a masterpiece only to be interrupted with "released on his/her own recognizances"?

Suppose when released this individual becomes so excited & manic that he/she gets sucked into a vortex of alcohol, sex, and drugs, and the masterpiece gets ditched in the corner?

Behold: genius at work!

X

In an instant, imagining how cattle are butchered, and realizing these creatures' flesh is fed to us (prisoners & citizens alike), I gave myself "the creeps." This is why Cioran said it takes a monster to see things as they are.

The sensitive among us may be shocked when we allow ourselves the estranged perspective. The strangeness of our everyday lives!

X

My sister tells me that she, my father, and my mother do not want to see me in jail. I want to really get into Schopenhauer's The World As Will & Representation, VOLUME TWO. I will do so even if I get sentenced to do time and lose my apartment. My mother or sister will have a new copy mailed to me in jail as soon as I am sentenced. I prefer to read Volume 2 with Volume One handy for reference.

 Understand that Arthur Schopenhauer's <u>World As Will & Representation</u>, (Volumes One & Two) is my HOLY BOOK, and Schopenhauer is some kind of god-like genius. And yet, since I plan on bailing out before I am sentenced, I will wait. Still — this obsession I have with philosophy may be what helps save my from alcoholic stupification.

Some kind of internal transformations have taken place within my brain: the State, ~~can~~ with all its power, might, and force, can't reach my mind. Isn't everything in the mind, of the mind — a mental construct??

I feel the love my sister has for me. It has become genuine. Maybe one day in the near future, by embarking upon humble labor to help my mother pay her bills, my sister's love for me will grow even stronger. She will at last comprehend what motivates me: not desire for status or money or security, but love... the kind of love an animal has for its mother.

The only emotion that can compel me to re-enter the workforce is the compassion I have for my mother. I may be forced to support my mother as she ages.

I am 43. I have no wife or children. Perhaps, if I am able to give up stupification via alcohol, I just may be able to find gainful employment and be my mother's hero. I can work on my MANIFESTO and communicate as underground philosopher while NOT at JOB. This is a humble dream/goal.

. It will help me COPE WITH MY MOTHER'S PASSING.

 My nephew told me he was not at all impressed with the diaries I left him (2007-2008). In fact, he, after glimpsing my scribblings of drunken tantrums and pining over unrequitted love, says I am pathetic.

I used to be his hero. The great genius/intellectual, Uncle Mike; now crack-head alcoholic asshole. Lucifer has fallen. Now his name is Satan. What a great burden had been lifted when my nephew saw me for the confused & hostile Creature I really am: The Beast of the Apocolypse.

Now, if I could just return the favor to him! If I could only reveal his Shadow to himself, we'd be even.

21 July 2010 Wednesday

It's amazing how kind inmates can be first thing in the morning. Is it me? I wake up in a strange daze. I drink my last cup of instant coffee. Some people are shipped to State prison where there are gangs, rapes, more violence, drugs, better food, better library.

In some sense, at this point in my life, having been in jails and institutions, ~~deeply~~ now "in the system" with social security "disability" and government assistance with rent, I no longer have any fears of being a "failure". I have no false hopes of becoming "somebody respected in the community."

What a RELIEF!

Is it not quite exciting that the very theme of ~~old~~ Fort Busting is the very riddle, that had the attention of Kant and then Schopenhauer? We can't know what is real, but only our perceptions. Since the general population is not encouraged to pursue a philosophical perspective, they tend to mistaken perception for reality. The State, itself an abstract social construct imposed upon the population, enforces it's collective hallucination upon the populace.

The intellect, the Higher Faculty, i.e. the brain, is of a higher level of evolution than society. Even as the biological beast is physically limited by these walls and locked doors, the mental powers are free to drift outside the constraints and reflect up the riddles of existence.

Indeed, nothing is what it appears to be. The true philosopher is in ~~a~~ chains in the county jail. The professors in the university are on break, perhaps drunk or playing tennis. Tennis anyone?

Meanwhile, Fortiacle is back in the county jail, resting in undisturbed leisure, free to read or take a nap, clearly at ease.

Some series of Internal transformations have taken place which have had a revolutionary effect on the mannerisms and temperment of ~~my~~ Being in the World. It senses the limitations of the State, knowing that state officials are incapable of touching "my" innermost BEING.

{ }

A system has been adopted and implemented, impersonally, without exceptions, without mercy, where ~~that~~ individuals be locked up in cells in facilities where they are humiliated and driven mad and then punished for their madness. I'll have to do some research on the J.M. Coetzee. While I do plan to really study deeply Schopenhauer's WWR Volume Two and go over Cioran's aphorisms, I am still exploring. I'll search for Boethius and his The Consolation of Philosophy. If I can carry the great internal wilderness within me outside this dungeon, I believe I will be able to walk among Asbury Park and Freehold "citizens" as a Stranger from another DIMENSION, from a parallel universe. I'm so very calm that I almost suspect the psychiatric medication, Seroquel? is possibly "working" — to alleviate ANXIETY.

I'm not sure if it is the medication or the surprise discovery of the Coetzee book, but I am ultra-relaxed today. I imagine "my" heart rate and blood pressure and general health, including mental health, are at some kind of peak. What does this tell me?

If I can manage to live without alcohol and eat regularly, I might be able to live a life very much worth living, even if I appear to be a bum to some women, neighbors, or family. I may not make a very good husband, but I make a damn good PHILOSOPHER.

{ ϕ }

I'm in no way "thankful" to the Asbury Park Police for harassing me as they have been doing. They may not comprehend why I live in Asbury Park; why I do not work or own a personal vehicle. They want me to leave Asbury Park. How do I leave without losing my lease? I could contact my section 8 worker and ask her what will happen if I get sentenced to months in jail. In the meantime, I would be wise to prepare for some shocks.

(173) When we are prepared for shocks, we are "ready".

Since I am not looking for a wife, I have no reason to try to impress anyone, especially not some priggish prude librarian who is impressed with young doctors or professionals. I have so much animosity towards those who strive to "get ahead", who devote all their energies to living for social image. I have clearly transcended such concerns over image. I can barely stay out of jail just walking down the street since I have become such an obvious contradiction to the "work ethic" & meritocracy, since I seem to do whatever the fuck I please.

When I am thrown into jail, as soon as I start to gather some notes, as soon as I have a good book, I can begin to live the life of a monk in a monastery, cut off from "the outside world". My mind is quite naturally a million miles away from mainstream society anyway; hence, I am in my element when I am in exile. I am quite used to being ostracized.

Ø

One advantage of being thrown into jail every now and then is to come face to face with the limitations of State authority. The State has no power in my mind. They attempt to control the mind in various ways, but determined souls resist.

Ø

More excerpts from J.M. Coetzee: "What Cartesian nonsense to think of birdsong as pre-programmed cries uttered by birds to advertise their presence to the opposite sex, and so forth! Each bird-cry is a full-hearted release of the self into the air, accompanied by such joy as we can barely comprehend. I! says each cry: I! What a miracle! Singing liberates the voice, allows it to fly, expands the soul."

"In the course of military training, on the other hand, people are drilled in using the voice in a rapid, flat, mechanical manner, without pause for thought. What damage it must do to the soul to submit to the military voice, to embody it as one's own!

"I recall an episode that took place years ago in the library of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. I made some or other enquiry of a librarian, from whom each question of mine elicited a swift, monotone response, leaving me with the unsettling feeling that I was speaking not to a fellow human being but to a machine. Indeed, the young woman seemed to take pride in her machine-identity, in its self-sufficiency."

"Much of the ugliness of the speech one hears in the streets of America comes from hostility to song, from repression of the impulse to sing, circumscription of the soul. In the education of the young in America, instead, the inculcation of mechanical, military patterns of speech. Inculcate, from calx/calcis, the heel. To inculcate: to tread in.

"One can of course hear stunted and mechanical speech all over the world. But pride in the mechanical mode seems to be uniquely American. For in America the model of the self as a ghost inhabiting a machine goes almost unquestioned at a popular level. The body as conceived in America, the American Body, is a complex machine comprising a vocal module, a sexual module, and several more, even a psychological module. Inside the body-machine the ghostly self checks read-outs and taps keys, giving commands which the body obeys."

This points to the disembodied mind... a Cartesian ghost.

That which the I calls "I" → the soul.

In the proposition, "I think therefore I am", the I that IS is not the same I that THINKS.
Being is, but personal identity seems to be a social construct.

These are philosophical conundrums. As an inmate in a correctional facility (JAIL → DUNGEON), I may have more of an opportunity to reflect upon things that "busy" people never consider. Some people only concern themselves with "practical" issues. Those of us who wonder about the existence or non-existence of the soul, and the nature of this soul, are philosophers.
And yet, no human being lives without a philosophy or worldview, an attitude they take toward BEING IN THE WORLD.

∅

The solitariness of death has parallels with the solitariness of being a subject of the State. Shelotta and I had conversations about how alone each individual creature is in life and in death. Experiences such as death, jail incarceration, and the like make our solitariness more intense.

When we are sitting with "others", we are really alone. Who is this "we"? What is it which calls itself "I"? THIS "presence of mind" is consciousness, an impersonal awareness "of" the brain. When an inner voice says "I am hungry", it is the brain's response to signals coming from the stomach. If "I" no longer am attached to "desires" or "drives", I may be dead. ~~My~~ The animal drives (for food, shelter, sex) connect consciousness to reality.

It is not simply "Other" peoples brainwashed to "turn the other cheek", to grin, scrape, and bow, to be humble, to sing and pray and just take whatever is dished out by the devils-in-human-form, and to look for heaven after death.

"The one people Jesus couldn't help were the Pharisees; they didn't feel they needed any help." ~ Malcolm X

p.169, chapter: SATAN → "On the island of Patmos was nothing but these blonde, pale-skinned, cold blue-eyed devils — savages, nude and shameless; hairy, like animals, they walked on all fours and they lived in trees."

"The original black people ... rounded up [the albinos], put them in chains. They covered their nakedness and ~~put them in chains~~ marched them off across the Arabian desert to the caves of Europe." (where they would be protected from the heat near the equator?)

"When this devil race had spent 2,000 years in the caves of [Northern] Europe, ALLAH raised up Moses [a con-artist] to civilize them, and bring them out of the caves. The first people to be led out of the caves were those we call the Jews."
(The People of the Book).

The mightiest "God" who appeared on earth was W.D. Fard? Malcolm X must have realized there were many "far-out" tales such as Yacub's History; and yet there are some truths mixed in these tales as can be witnessed in the "devilish nature" of "civilized [white] Christians".

{5}

MYSTERIOUS WAYS

©1952

Ralph Ellison's ~~©1947~~ novel Invisible Man gives us an entirely new model of what a novel can be. Ellison's nameless protagonist ushers readers into a parallel universe that throws our own universe into harsh and even hilarious relief. Reading this classic may not be completed "this time through" the county jail; but, if I return, it may be here for me to continue, or, if I am really engrossed in it, I can check it out from the Asbury Park Library — trying desparately not to get arrested again and returning it before appearing in court.

Part of the "joy" of becoming engrossed in literature while incarcerated is that it eliminates so many of the "pitfalls" one is liable to fall into when "having to do with others": arguments, debt from gambling (cards, dice, etc), injuries from sports, etc.

It appears that I will most likely be jumping around from text to text as I ~~go~~ feel inspired to take some notes from the Introduction to Invisible Man which Ralph Ellison wrote (the Introduction, that is) in 1981. In here could be clues as to how I might go about creating my protagonist. If I were to discover ~~who~~ how to go about creating a protagonist for my "anti-novel project" while sitting in the county-jail, wouldn't I gain an entirely different perspective on the nature of our unfolding reality?

REALITY moves in mysterious WAYS!

Ralph Ellison's protagonist would emerge less angry than IRONIC, that he would be a "blues-toned laughter-at-wounds who included himself in his indictment of the human condition."

My heart-mind-BRAIN is on fire. Do the professional "doctors" refer to this state-of-mind as mania or hypomania or even HYPERCONSCIOUSNESS?

Ellison's character is indeed a "character": a powerless man wanting to become a leader who is doomed to fail. Ellison associates his protagonist with Dostoevsky's Notes from Underground.

The novel is capable of serving as a COMIC ANTI*DOTE to the ailments of politics. Tragedy and comedy → TRAGICOMEDY?

Why shouldn't the heroes of tragedy and comedy be allowed to snatch the victory of conscious perception from the forces that overwhelm us?

In Ellison's own words, "... to defeat this national tendency to deny the common humanity shared by my character and those who might happen to read ~~him~~ of his experience, I would have to provide him with something of a worldview, give him a consciousness in which serious & philosophical questions could be raised ..."

How does a writer reveal the human complexity which stereotypes are intended to conceal?

Why have "The Ghosts" lead me to *Wuthering Heights*? When will I ever get an opportunity to read the classic unless I do get sentenced later this year? Well, I could get to it. I'm sure the APPL has a copy. Was Emily Brontë a misunderstood genius? Was her novel an unrecognized masterpiece?

What qualifies as the "deep, unconscious" truth of one's personality? What about the psychological conflicts ~~between~~ within our psyche, our ambivalance?

Are novels like dreams at which we gaze? Can we treat literary texts as dream material to be interpreted by the literary critic?

Brontë's (Emily) character, Heathcliff, may give me insight into that aspect of my personality given to mad ravings under the influence of alcohol. Heathcliff is a "wicked and diabolical" character. Don't I have the capacity to be a wicked and diabolical monster? There are inner psychological conflicts within me. When I am very hungry, the beast awakens. Is Heathcliff wicked and diabolical or simply an outcast, an outsider because of his passionate intensity and lawlessness?

Where have I inherited my intense love for learning??? Wherever it came from, my nephew shares this trait with me. After these troubles with the law pass, I could see myself returning to Brookdale Community College to study Literary Theory, Cognitive Science, and even "Education".

Whatever Arthur Schopenhauer called "The Holy Ghost" which guided him (he imagined) through libraries, I call "The Ghosts".

(191) "The Ghosts" are from The Spirit World. In less occultish terminology, these ghosts are thoughts in the form of intuitive feelings from the Cognitive Unconscious. I intuited that the 5 critical essays at the end of this book, Wuthering Heights, would make this discovery "memorable".

And so it is:

"Windows embody the tension in the novel between two kinds of reality: 'the raw, inhuman reality of anonymous natural ~~realities~~ energies, and the restrictive reality of civilized habits, manners, and codes."

Note: investgat J. Hillis Miller's The Disappearance of God (1963) — uses a phenomenological approach.

[Notice that ~~the~~ my way of BEING-IN-THE-WORLD will be similar in captivity to when free. I still live the life of a scholar, a philosopher, a seeker.]

∅

This deep inner peace I experience from INSIDE the air-conditioned dungeon — how can I explain it? Did I experience such inner peace out there during the 7 days I was on 7th Ave in Asbury Park? I'm afraid the answer is NO. I was depressed from beer and LONELY. I had to have that beer in the early afternoon... I had to allow a woman in so as to have a chance to mount her? Now. Will I be able to remember this great peace I feel when I don't disturb my brain with STUPIFICATION? If I can achieve PEACE in captivity just through literary explorations, surely I can live a fulfilling existence without alcohol out there!

Ø

Who was Heinrich Heine? A German poet.

Who was Hermann Freiligrath? A poet critical of the German aristocracy. Will I be remembered as a political revolutionary with a radical social vision? I certainly express hostility toward the mainstream middle-class capitalist world-view. I am what President Obama would call a "radicalized anti-capitalist."

The alienation of the worker in mass-industrialized, capitalist societies has grave consequences for "the arts". When production even of something like "literature" has come to mean mass production. There is no audience able to recognize or consume my philosophy.

Ø

Could John Kennedy Toole's character, Ignatius Reilly, as comical as he was, be the tragic figure of an educated proletarian thinker? A revolutionary class war pits middle-class capitalists against a proletarian, antithetical class. And yet the great proletarian thinkers are usually those who drop out of the middle-class.

The revolution didn't happen in the United States, Great Britain, or Germany, where Marx and Engels anticipated it happening, but in 1917 Russia. Was it because the proletarian had been "enlightened" by Dostoevsky and Tolstoy?

Ø

Are we forced to choose between desire and physical comfort, integrity and social convention, passionate being and economic well-being, living and surviving? It is impossible to acquire capital and maintain full personal integrity.

"Authentic" Being.

"Authentic Being" is always in conflict, and the resolution of such conflicts is never accomplished without sustaining a terrible loss. I have sustained losses for my authenticity. Those who condemn me for "using the system," for living off the taxpayers money anger me. What about all the taxes that go to war machinery, soldiers, and that type of brutality? What about the money going into the prison industry?

Perhaps writing books that will never be published, like reading books just to inspire contemplation, serve as a way to demand the right to DO NOTHING.

AUTHENTICITY is a quality I value and central to understanding my worldview. It does not matter what we own. What matters is who we are becoming. I love the character I am becoming! I feel I am very much like the mystic from The Razor's Edge.

∅

I eat anything I can get my hands on. I'm no purist. In other words, while I condemn the way animals are abused by industrial society, I eat eggs, chicken, beef, and everything else, especially when I'm incarcerated. I probably would eat human flesh if I had to. Like I said, I love who I am becoming! Authentic. I hate phony, superficial, and shallow people who have done very little contemplation on the meaning and nature of their lives. And yet, all my contemplation has become its own reward!

Ø

Ideology is to be sharply distinguished from worldview.
Ideology signifies a false, distortive, partial consciousness; worldview designates a true, total, and coherent understanding of social relations.

Ø

I will confront the tragic truth that my passion and the society I have been "born into" are not fundamentally reconcilable — there remains on the deepest level an ineradicable contradiction between them which refuses to be unlocked, which obtrudes itself as the very stuff and secret of experience.

Is my imagination capable of confronting this tragic duality?

Ø

Ignatius Reilly considered optimism to be perverse.
Heathcliff, from Emily Brontë's Withering Heights considered the perverse act of mauvaise foi by which Catherine trades her authentic selfhood for social privilege is rightly denounced by Heathcliff as spiritual suicide and spiritual murder:

"Why do you betray your own heart, Cathy? I have not one word of comfort — you deserve this. You have killed yourself."

Catherine lives two lives: she tries to square authenticity with social convention, running in harness an ontological commitment to Heathcliff with a phenomenal relationship to Linton.

Ø

To be to the Other both gift and threat.

 To be to the Other both gift and threat: Those who encounter me must receive me as a gift from God, though I am as dark almost as if I came from the devil. Though I am proletarian in appearance, I may equally be a prince.

In our society, going "down" (as in "down the tubes") is also "outside," just as "lower class" may also imply social vagrant — a classless natural life-form or nomad decedpolized.

As the eternal rocks beneath the woods, I am both lowly and natural, enjoying the partial freedom from social pressures appropriate to those at the bottom of the class-structure. If a ~~wo~~ young woman were to "choose to love me," she would be going outside family, outside society into an opposing realm which can adequately imaged only as "Nature."

Ø

When I was a State-slave for the park service of New Jersey I had been reduced to the status of farm-laborer. I have been robbed of liberty in two antithetical ways: exploited as a servant for the Park Service on the one-hand (1989–1998), allowed to run wild on the other (1999–2009). Now ~~that~~ I have been "arrested" as a phenomenon — no longer "neglected," but surely still not free. There is freedom for me neither within society or outside it. Either I am oppressed by work and structure, or I am running wild as a function of cultural impoverishment.

Why does one never read People's authentic thoughts, like, "Oh this cookie is so delicious. I just want to eat and eat and eat"...? Why don't more writers reveal their shadowy Beasts?

Such introspection, such self-interrogation may be considered morbid.

∅

To come face to face with our Being-in-the-World is an experience no Being in the world can escape. We are thrown into being.

Perhaps those of us who fancy ourselves philosophers come up with our profound observations as a way to confront the raw anxiety of being: to FACE our existential dilemma squarely so as to prove to ourselves our authenticity.

Others may deceive themselves, distract themselves, call us crazy for facing the terror of being born, but the Others and their consciousness are not our concern, you see.

∅

Usually I contemplate in seclusion away from the eyes of others. Here, in the semi-madhouse, Others witness me in action, in inaction, in contemplation. When I tilt my head and stare off into inner space, Others witness these exercises I've been engaging in over the course of a lifetime.

∅

Walking around the concrete yard in circles until my legs loosen up enough for me to kick into the air — high into the air. My body — it has healed once again. My body is ready to be released again.

If there is one forum where I am permitted to express my most radical opinions, it is in the privacy of my memoirs! I have to know that these adversities make me stronger.

While these adversities are surely unpleasant, experiencing hunger while in the custody of the State is to experience what is being done to my brothers & sisters in our unjust society. I suffer with those others who I am now a member. The "outlaw class", the "underclass" is no longer an abstract. For my entire life I have been spiritually connected to those thrown into the "corrections" department. I have never ceased being in University mode. In fact, by now I am a Professor of my own worldview.
I am the radical organic intellectual.

I've been a potential political criminal my entire life, ever since I began to display the depth of my philosophical mind. What kind of "spiritual techologies" have I developed while incarcerated? PATIENCE? TOLERANCE? DETACHMENT? CONSOLATION THROUGH PHILOSOPHY? INTROSPECTION? These are qualities one may also develop in a monestary, no? Are I not in awe of the inner qualities I am developing? Nobody, not even my nephew or his wife, can deny me of my character development. Nor will I hold anyone to some category. My nephew may have had a change of heart. My absence from his life has been total, whereas for so long I was there to support him. Now, we are lost to one another. We both accept it. What choice do we have? It is what it is. We each have our lives to deal with.

∅

Holiness is projected outward from within. We make a text holy by the manner we approach it. If we read in a sacred manner, we infuse the text with that "magical" quality.

∅

When I witness the intensity of the Will-to-Live within my stomach — this drive to satisfy our appetite, I suspect that words serve as a diversion. Can a novelist write a book while starving? Can anyone enjoy a text when dying of hunger?

Words really are so much pig shit! Compassion must be the highest attitude to possess in one's being. Even compassion for ourselves lest we end up hating ourselves, witnessing our inner hunger, and our mode of being when we are very hungry. (When very hungry) How we despise the one with a full plate!

I have seen too much. I fear that, had the State not intervened, I would have died of hunger long ago. Family, neighbors ... what love is there for me when all are hungry?

A little miracle: Out there as a "free citizen" I hated peas. I refused to eat them. I could barely eat ~~a pea~~ anything that had been mixed with peas. Since I've been incarcerated (for the most part, the past 3 months), I have developed a taste for peas. I love peas now. There is NOTHING I will not eat. Nothing. I remember reading Solzhenitsyn's Gulag of Archipelagos when I was 19 or 20. I guess one has to live these experiences. It's difficult to imagine dying of famine. What has the human spirit endured?

Does incarceration make a human creature more "spiritual"? Maybe incarceration has different effects on different types. Some may become greedy, savage, brutal, bitter, and cruel. Others may respond differently.

∅

Most people dont want to hear me speak. I get attacked with statements like, "You contradict yourself."

I respond with, "Alphabetic languages lead to contradictions because words are not what they describe."

assault (3rd)
agg. assault (2nd)

∅

The entire prison industry is a rigged game. If I am forced to play in it, the least I can do for myself is not believe in it. In other words, the most vulnerable individuals are railroaded into jail on trumped-up charges. People who used to be sent to the hospital for psychiatric evaluations are now placed in jail and left there. County Jails have become semi-madhouses.

∅

Now I know the reason why I write. People dont like to listen to me talk. So, why would I even consider publishing what I write? Nobody is interested. In fact, people are profoundly disinterested. Just facing this truth saves me from much grief. I really do write for myself, for my own relief. If anyone else can benefit, they are more than welcome to read on. Free of charge.

Ø

21 July 2010 Tuesday

Masculine desire dominates speech and posits woman as an idealized fantasy-fulfillment for the incurable emotional lack caused by separation from the mother. I may return to the thread where Anne called me out on this. There is an incurable emotional lack caused by separation from the mother. Life is deep. Some people want to keep it simple, and they want to contaminate everyone they can with simplistic slogans which do nothing but silence the chaos beyond the boundaries of what they call "life" or "the world".

This may make their lives more "manageable", but I will have no part of it. What dreams I experienced last night! I am once again merging with the one. I can almost see myself walking into my apartment. I will bring the cups I have gathered. Hell, I need some cups like that. I have no cups in my kitchen. I want to drink hot black coffee from these plastic jail cups I remember - I don't want to forget my quiet scholarly way of being when I am not poisoning my brain. Has Dr. Jeckyle began to fear Mr Hyde?

Ø

There is a saying, "Dont judge a book by its cover."

I am very impressed with <u>Wuthering Heights</u>, proud to have discovered it in the law library last Thursday. If I had known it was so good, I might have checked it out beforehand, but now that I am encaged in this air conditioned dungeon, it is the best book around me, and it has my full attention. So, it is our "full attention" which is what makes for intense experience. How attentive are we when we are "drunk"? These insights I have ~~made over~~ "experienced" over the past 28 days - are they not worth $2500??? Could any rehab or detox do more for me? Would the Asbury Park Police Department still harass me if I were stone cold sober working on my MANIFESTO, living the life of a stoic philosopher?

Perhaps the reason that Wuthering Heights strikes such a chord in me is because I not only identify with Heathcliff, but the whole idea of being at odds with rigid, uptight phonies appeals to me. I mean, none of my "disasters" have actually been marks against my "character", but simply reveal how my presence is ill-received by authorities. ~~I am~~

I present a CONFLICT in the social "reality". Like Heathcliff, I do not conform, and hence I am hated on, disliked, "always in trouble". There is nothing I can do about it. Life is the greatest novel, the most authentic drama — a tragicomedy. We each are the heroes of our own personal drama. Each of us is the center of the universe — THAT is the supercomplex nature of our existence.

Cartesian mathematical dimensions do not apply to the spiritual realm, the psychological realm. The nature of reality is more mysterious than meets the eye. I can't become too anxious about my release because there will be new troubles and challenges coming down the pike. There will be temptations and opportunities for future disasters. And so I try to stay calm.

I do what I can. I am a philosopher-in-chains, yes, and I am soon to be unchained again. Would I be prepared for the loss of social security disability? That would be quite a set back. I would have a whole world of trouble to deal with then. And so I walk this razor's edge. My heart continues to be wild and my gods savage.

I can honestly say that I am very intimate with my own soul. I have grown deeper and deeper and deeper over the years. I wish I could reach a point where my "literary voice" and my animal being were one. If only the animal could express its awareness! It would say, "This story is one of eating food, shitting, fucking, finding shelter, resting, staying dry, drinking water always, pissing always, sleeping, dreaming, fearing, being anxious afraid happy lonely ... Our task is to be. Some of us also try to understand. We contemplate upon experience.

∅

Here is a very powerful excerpt from Emily Brontë's WH:

Catherine speaks

"... Heaven did not seem to be my home; and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth; and the angels were so angry that they flung me out, into the middle of the heath on the top of Wuthering Heights; where I woke sobbing for joy. That will do ~~for~~ to explain my secret, as well as the other. I've no more business to marry Edgar Linton than I have to be in heaven; and if the wicked man in there [Mr. Earnshaw] had not brought Heathcliff so low, I shouldn't have thought of it. It would degrade me to marry Heathcliff, now; so he shall never know how I love him: and that, not because he is handsome, Nelly, but because he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same, and Linton's is as different as a moonbeam from lightning, or frost from fire."

This passage is very moving. I have no reason to fit into society or to be how the Asbury Park police would have me be, or how the wealthy spoiled princes and princesses of Deal would have me be. Whatever our souls are made of, mine and many of the "Blacks" of Asbury Park and mine are the same, and those people's souls in Deal are different.

The souls of the cops are different from mine. I know in my heart I have done nothing to bring on such harassment unless it is my SOUL, my INTELLIGENCE, my PERSONALITY — and my drunkenness. Won't I be shocked if, even on my most sober behavior, the pigs find a way to entrap me?

Ø

What kind of a mental state am I in? I don't believe we "program" or "control" or "master" our mental health or emotional weather.

If my goal is authenticity, and I wish to "observe Nature at work within the Creature," then all I have to "do" in order to write a literature of authenticity (Autobiographical Phenomenology) is "detect, discover, and describe." I wish to remove the word ~~"strugle"~~ "struggle" from my vocabulary. My "idea" is not to create a discipline or to draw a map or explain what I think "reality" is.

I wish only to describe, approximate, and explore the Creature's phenomenal region, which mainly will consist of emotive processes. Heidegger proposed the core of our experience consists of anxiety. Well, with the Creature held in captivity by the county Sheriff's Department in the air-conditioned dungeon, waiting for its father to pick up its ATM debit card so as to post initial bail for the Creature's release from captivity, anxiety is fairly high as can be expected.

The sources of the anxiety are manifold. It was thinking last night about the hostility from the police it still faces upon its release, as well as the challenges of living on limited funds, no transportation, no phone, and no "pack" or "tribe". ~~besides a confused mother~~

The Creature called the bail bondsman, and there has ~~no~~ been no action as of yet by ~~my~~ its father. More than likely, there will be no action today. The Creature will put in a phone call later in the day, before 4PM to inquire about where its father is, what his plans are. Thus anxiety levels are decreased. Or are they? If he is unable to come through until tomorrow, well, then, if it is after lunch, ~~I will~~ the Creature will have celebrated by drinking several very strong cups of coffee, prepared to venture once again into the Unknown: Tobacco, coffee, phone card, phone call to 24-7, also report to Second Bail bondsman... Pressure?

When a nurse takes the Creature's pulse, or blood pressure, or alcohol in blood, or enquires about mental state, she is detecting processes — physiological, psychological ~~state~~ processes. When this Creature "does" autobiographical phenomenology, it is extracting information (intelligence) ~~about~~ from the brain (faculty of reason) about itself: the nervous system.

One may be surprised to discover that the Creature-as-an-organism-in-an-environment is calmer (less anxious) while in captivity than when it is outside roaming free at its own volition.

"What's the point?" one may ask impatiently. Does there have to be a point and purpose and practical reason for what a Creature does? Does an activity always have to lead to a practical result? Isn't there an intrinsic and inherent value in contemplation? Must one always be "exercising" or "building muscles" or "jogging"?

It looks as though it'll be doing yet another day here in the madhouse, where "broken machinery" runs around in circles in the yard, packs of pokerplaying parasites, and hermits like itself lay around in undisturbed leisure reading literature. ~~Its heart~~ Its heart-rate won't increase until it is notified that the bail-out process has begun. If it has to wait until Friday, so be it. ~~It has coffee~~, It will have coffee, literature, ink, and paper.

∅

Developing a rich inner life puts the Creature's ATTENTION on Being-the-Subject of Perception, on the process of perceiving; as opposed to being ~~the obj~~ an object of perception being represented/constructed in ~~of~~ the brains of Other creatures by their sensory apparatus. The language we use may reveal the flavor or depth of our "frequency".

The Creature, The Eater-of-Food, is a UNIVERSAL PHENOMENON. Each human creature who comes into this institution comes in as an individual specimen which is classified as a type but NOT known as a Being. The State only knows "charges" and "diagnoses". The State is blind to our PERSONALITIES?

Ø

What Immanuel Kant called "The Faculty of Reason" is the brain.

Did Kant understand that the brain is also the Faculty of Emotion, the faculty of insanity as well? The brain is not only the engine of reason but the Seat of the Soul, if we understand Soul as THAT WHICH CALLS ITSELF "I".

Ø

If I learned anything from my last bail out, where I was out only 7 days, I learned to at least make an attempt to BE CALM. Last time I left this jail, as I was leaving the gated entrance, a guard said, "So long; see ya soon!" How fucking prophetic!

I was skipping out of here, singing, "Unchained! Here I come again. Unchained! I'm coming back again."

Sure, that's just my wild personality.

The thing is, we're on some kind of surveillance ... Do the so-called "Aliens" run shit? Have THEY body-snatched the tentacles of the State apparatus? Perhaps... Know your enemy. Who are THE MIND PARASITES? How do I fight back? Using PHENOMENOLOGY, using the innate POWERS-OF-THE-MIND!

Perhaps the damn "AGENTS OF THE JEHOVA-ONE SPACE-GOD" may attempt to intervene, playing my father like a fiddle just to keep me in captivity, preventing me from bailing out. I trust my father will be able to pull this off. I just don't know when he'll be able to do it.

Ø

In all honesty, perhaps the soul does not exist. When I am most honest, what is the "I" but the voice of the stomach and the drives of the Thingly Presence Itself?

"Defeating the Weeds" (Father Alfred Delp (1945) German priest condemned to death by Nazi's during WW2)

"When we lose touch with THE eternal truths we get submerged in the weeds that sprout all over the garden of our life. They are senseless trivialities that assume an air of real importance. Though they pretend to have a purpose they are quite futile, and merely add confusion and obscurity to a life which is gradually engulfed in a sort of eternal twilight without light or direction...

"Hunted and driven and bewitched we are no longer masters of our own fate, no longer free."

At this point in the meditation I stop, for I understand that the events of May 17th have been made out to be such a dramatic example of my "MENTAL ILLNESS" and derangement and (danger to society) — yet they are futile.

Even more futile ~~was~~ is the purpose for arresting me on June 30th: attacking the geese? Senseless travality assuming an air of real importance! Even the police records, and the entire "justice system", like Nazi Germany's gestapo forces, is a farce — a dangerous farce.

I will not "return to God," but I will listen to my inner voice and make UNCONSCIOUS contact with deeper realities beyond this "theater of empire". Like I said, I prefer words from the heart, but I accept any communication I receive.

I'm sure my sister's life is filled with make-busy, busy appointments and "prayer sessions" which prevent her from attaining the kind of LEISURE and SOFT ASYLUM afforded a common jailbird.

Ø

If this last "aggravated assault against a police officer" is going to the Grand Jury, then I will be very justified in bailing out as it could take months for it to go to court. Imagine taking this to trial! The cop is lying! I will most likely be going to court for the other "aggravated assault" before October... October is my favorite month as far as outdoor weather goes.

THESE ARE THE WEEDS IN THE GARDEN OF MY LIFE! These are the senseless trivialities that have assumed an air of importance. The more I am able to "keep my head together" in here, in captivity, at the mercy of the State, getting bossed around by sadistic guards, fed like an animal in a zoo, growing more intimate on a spiritual level with all captured life-forms everywhere throughout the ages, the more "SPIRITUALLY ADVANCED" I become.

I can count myself among the honorary animals... Remember Whitley Strieber's Nature's End? The community called MAGIC? I have noticed a few extremely annoying creatures in here, some annoy me with the way they behave - their arrogance or general bad-temper, others annoy me by their ignorance. I stay by myself most of the time. These lessons I learned 22 years ago in Yardville when I was placed in Wharton Tract. There are a lot of loud mouths. There is gossip, vulgarity, and foolery. Just because I am in captivity does not mean I have to subject myself to society. I rarely subject myself to society when I am "out there" free. I do not socialize. I had no peers at the Park Service. I have no peers out there "on the street." I have no peers in jail. I had few peers even in the University since so many of the youth have been brainwashed, trained to chase "material success"! And so I follow Schopenhauer's advice and enjoy my OWN BEING in solitude as the hermit I am.

 In solitude I read, think, write, stare off into Inner Space. I will try to finish reading Wuthering Heights. Perhaps, in this parallel universe, I must finish reading this book before I can pass through to The Other Side.

Not only do I hope to finish the text, but I also hope to go over some of the critical essays again, since now I am extremely curious about the author, Emily Brontë. She must have been quite familiar with solitude, on being a misunderstood genius, and dying young (33?).

"... there was more of the self-absorbed moroseness of a confirmed invalid, repelling consolation, and ready to regard the good-humored mirth of others, as an insult."

And this next passage makes me glad to acknowledge that I myself have grown WISER over the past couple years, the past ten years, the past 10 weeks even. I also am sure my nephew must be growing wiser and I pray I will have the opportunity to be in his life again. Such are the effects of reading classic literature:

"But I think," said Cathy, "... that I cannot amuse you to day, I see, by my tales, and songs, and chatter; you have grown wiser than I, in these six months; you have little taste for my diversions now..."

Perhaps my closest companions are ghosts, spirits, nonhuman intelligence. Is it possible for me to turn "automatic writing" and "autobiographical phenomenology" into a creative process where I can transmit into words the phenomenal region as it is experienced by ME?

Of course, if I am to be sentenced, that period of Jailhouse Scribblings will be ~~PART~~ BOOK THREE.

∅

Note: If my father does not bail me out by the time commissary arrives tomorrow, I will drink "triple strength" servings until I am bailed out or the coffee is gone, ~~whichever comes~~ first!

The State can build NO WALLS that will lock out invisible intelligence! I can't stand to read the crap that passes for literature in our wing, the kind of novels Hollywood movies are made of. If I do not get bailed out early tomorrow, I will go to the library in search of another treasure. I am so glad I found Wuthering Heights and Invisible Man. ~~I think, if I~~

∅

Of course, by page 233 of 285, when "Mr. Heathcliff" bitch slaps young Catherine Linton's head, I am beginning to dislike what Heathcliff has become. I find most of the characters wretched, even Ellen (Nelly) Dean, especially when she says to Linton,
"Take you with her, pitiful changeling?" she exclaimed. "YOU marry? Do you imagine that beautiful young lady, that healthy, hearty girl, will tie herself to a little perishing monkey like you? Are you cherishing the notion that anybody, let alone Miss Catherine Linton, would have you for a husband?"

∅

The more emotionally mature I become, the more I am able to forgive others for their quirks. This Emily Brontë must have had a tremendous amount of insight to have written a masterpiece ~~as~~ WH.

Have I been one of the few who has read ~~the~~ this copy of Wuthering Heights that I found waiting for me in the law library where there are so few good works of literature? And why did I think I would not get into it?

Why, even when I held the book in my hands, did I think I would not be compelled to read it? I took it back to the wing just to check out Part Two Wuthering Heights: A Case Study in Contemporary Criticism. I read the Critical Essays before reading the actual text; and, if I have time (if I do not bail out before I have a chance), I will RE-READ the critical essays, themselves, not the introductions to each. Perhaps I will also reread "Biographical and Historical Contexts". ~~I have 50 more~~

I am amazed at the insight Brontë displays into the wretchedness of ~~th~~ some natures: "I heard him draw a pleasant picture to Zillah of what he would do, if he were as strong as I — the inclination is there, and his very weakness will sharpen his wits to find a substitute for strength."

∅

Schopenhauer's theory that the more developed one's intellect, the more disturbing the effect noise had upon the creature is surely confirmed in these pods in the air-conditioned dungeon. The noise level is so loud that I spend most every hour locked inside the cell. I eat in the cell as well because eating is such serious business to me, and I cannot bear to be disturbed while eating. The only time I go out of the cell is when we have "yard out". My cellie from I-1, William Coleman, a Black Brother from Long Branch, the one I tried mailing the American Heritage Dictionary, 4th Edition to, used to do his time the same way. When confronted about how much time I spend in my cell, I explain how I enjoy my own company intensely; and that I do not watch TV, nor do I play card games. I like to read. It's too loud out in the day space for me to read; hence, I hole up in my cell to scribble.

 Ø 29 July 2010 Thursday

Notes on Wuthering Heights: It is a subversive book

- obsession with evil, diabolical behavior
- Emily Brontë, the author, was not a town dweller, but a native and nursling of the moors. She did not know what she had done (in writing the novel). The creative artist works by inspiration, she (or he) is not always master of what she creates. The inspired artist (or madman or madwoman) must work passively under dictates you neither delivered nor could question. Thus the artist is never fully aware of, nor fully responsible for, the work of art she (or he) produces. This leads us to wonder what the unconscious meaning of Wuthering Heights is. What is its psychological truth? What "instinctive art" enabled Emily Brontë to capture the "deep, unconscious" truth of Catherine Earnshaw's personality? There is a psychological conflict within Catherine's "two natures". What is the nature of Catherine's delerium? Would she have been diagnosed as manic-depressive (bipolar)? One can approach the text as a psychological study. Emily Brontë's portraits are comparable to the work of some psychologist, learned in the secrets of morbid human nature.

The reason there are no "mothers" present throughout is related to the fact that Emily Brontë's mother died shortly after Emily's third birthday. There are struggles with the separation-individuation process. Emotionally, Heathcliff "is the world" to Catherine, just as the mother is the world to the symbiotic child.

Note that "uncontrollable grief" is diagnosed as "madness".
Quite ~~of~~ a few mother's die in the course of the novel; Mrs. Earnshaw, Hindley's wife Frances (~~Earnshaw~~ Hareton's mother), Mrs. Linton, Catherine herself, and Isabella (Linton's mother). The substitute mother is usually Nelly Dean.

About the conflicting elements of Catherine's identity:

This is the dramatization of RESISTANCE against the patriarchal ~~forces~~ cultural forces which would direct and limit the self in its struggle to construct a coherent and viable identity. As I write this analysis, the dark clouds gather early in the morning after many days of blue skies. My mood is one with this weather: should my creature-being be unleashed in this weather, "something wicked this way comes"? Roaming free... Also, what patriarchal cultural forces are keeping my creature-being-self locked away in this air-conditioned dungeon? My father — a servant to KNOX Refrigeration and the wealthy Asians of India who purchase walk-in freezers and my father's BODY & BRAIN. Is this my father (and the patriarchal cultural forces) giving me a message loud and clear that my being in a cage is of no importance compared to "making a living"? Nobody will stand in the way of Father robotically obeying the commands of his Masters! Isn't this so clear? And sister could not cosign or be trusted to take this task in her hands, and mother is away "on a trip to Scandanavia" paid for by a little inheritance she got from my recently deceased maternal grandmother (Peggy, who had been anything but maternal to me).

And so, clearly there is The Abscense of the Mother. Also, clearly, while I trust my father will eventually show up and begrudgingly "follow my instructions about getting the funds from my account to the bail bondsman," that he puts it off, that his "jobs" take, without question, utmost priority, has been consciously noted by me. I feel the dynamics of the society I am in. The punishment I suffer at the hands of the Police is not strongly resisted by Parents, and therefore, I see their spinelessness.

∅

The law courts of ancient Athens stated: (in the Oresteia)

The mother is no parent of that which is called her child, but only nurse of the new planted seed that grows. The parent is he who mounts.

That the absence of the mother is necessary for the founding of patriarchal culture is particularly evident in western myths of language. Just as women are identified with nature and matter, so women are also identified with the literal, the absent referent in language. The quest to name and thus possess the real, "the Thing-Itself", motivates the acts of figuration that constitute literature. Yet literal meaning would hypothetically destroy any text it actually entered, by making superfluous those very figures, just as the mother's actual presence endangers patriarchal hegemony in the Oresteia. ∅

I returned WH to the law library. I also delivered A Confederacy of Dunces but it was quickly picked up and retreived by someone from this wing. Hence the classic and "pet" of The Mental Liberators has returned to its origins. Hopefully, since it came from the library it will be returned there to preserve it once it has made its way around. I set it loosed, turned it loose. Let it do its "damage" ~~where it~~ in the lives of those who are drawn to it. I brought back with me from the law library Our Man in Havana by Graham Greene. I certainly hope I dont actually finish this one in the jail. My God. Surely I will be released sometime before dinner, no???

(Still 29 July Thursday!)

ø

I behold that several of the guards "get off" on enforcing the draconian rules of the jail, screaming like psychopaths at some of the most vulnerable members (non-members?) of society. Another search leaves us locked-down. What a perfect time to hear, "Hentrich: ETG!" ("Everything to go!") --- And yet, wouldn't the poetic justice be all too good to be true? And so, here we sit locked in our cells when we normally would be out and about walking around in circles in the little concrete, walled-in yard, dodging basketballs.

If I make it out of here (this cell, that is; not the actual outmost dungeon), I will leave this pad in the cell and focus on reading this text, Our Man in Havana. Maybe, it will divert my attention from my sinking spirit crashing down into melancholy upon realizing that "nobody is coming to rescue me today."

A visit from my sister could bring "bad news". My heart hardens. Dark clouds return.

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A visit... what could this mean?

It was my father. I first thought, "What could this mean? Did he try to make a withdrawal and there are insufficient funds? Did my social security get cut off?"

My father just got back from Boston, a six and a half hour drive. He was able to pick up ~~the~~ my property (keys to apartment, ~~it~~ driver's license, library card, debit card) — everything except my clothes. The bailsbondsman in Edison is not answering his phone. My sister, Tami is trying to find out if a bondsman in Freehold or Asbury Park can get me out ~~S~~ with a PAYMENT PLAN.

So, I said, "Are you busy tomorrow? Will you be doing this tomorrow?"

He became angry (a little), saying, "Of course I am busy tomorrow!"

I said, "It doesn't take long to bail me out, does it? Can't it be done in an hour or so?"

He responded quickly, "Last time it took half a day.* I have to go to the bondsman, then to the county ~~court~~, municipal building, then to the jail. I'll come to see you over the weekend to let you know what's up.

Your sister Tami got checked for a mass on her heart. She's OK."

I'm not the center of the universe, I thought. At least he knew to communicate with me. At least he visited. I am starting to doubt whether I'll be bailed out over the weekend. I sure hope I'm not scheduled for court Monday – or, if I am, and Tami inquires about whether there is a chance I'll be released on my own recognances, will my father know to wait.* This is getting tricky! There are unknown variables. Fuck. Either I will be bailed out Friday night around dinner or I may have to wait until Monday or Tuesday (August 3rd or 4th) – in which case I don't know how that will effect my social security deposit for August.

ANXIETY, TENSION, PRESSURE.

Now I'm feeling zombified... I'm sure my Dad and my sister will do all they can and decide. I'll have to try to remain as calm as possible.

(Still 29 July, still in jail.)

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ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER BOOK

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So, it's settled: I'm not getting bailed out today. I'm not getting bailed out tomorrow; or am I? Most likely not. I give up. I'll settle down and get into my latest discovery, Graham Greene. Within the hour, another meal. I told my father about how I now love to eat peas, how eating was now my religion, that it has become quite serious business, that I will only eat in solitude. He must have picked up on my angry vibes. I was expressing my anxiety, wondering what the Hell could be so complicated about finding time to arrange for me to get bailed out. Eventually I conceded to wait.

He says I'll be out by August. I think Saturday is August first. I doubt I'll be out ~~by~~ before then. Most likely it will be after that. I wonder if my sister can find out if there is a chance I can get ROR'ed from Asbury Park Monday... Around and around in circles. My brain can't help but go over these "equations," discover the unknown variables, and try to solve the problem: how to get the fuck out of this cage?

When the cognitive unconscious realizes that it has done all it can for today, it gives up. Now it's problem is simply how to endure the burden of captivity. It can't be that much different from how to endure the burden of existence, can it? No hope of getting out today, so just relax — is that it?

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Are there subversive messages in the satire by Greene, Our Man in Havana? Mr. Hasselbacher advises Mr. Wormold, "Just lie and keep your freedom. They don't deserve the truth."

Wormold asks, "Who do you mean by 'they'?" (the same question the protagonist from Ralph Ellison's Invisible Man asked the old vet.)

"Kingdoms, republics, powers. I must go look at my culture Mr Wormold."

I am a man of many words, extremely verbose. I think my father and I have become closer. I wonder if I will have the opportunity to camp out in the back yard on Schutanoff Road so as to work a few days with my father as a symbolic jesture displaying my appreciation for freedom.

I don't feel like sleeping tonight. I stay awake drinking iced tea and pissing. Every time I flush the toilet, it awakens my cell-mate. He's moving to the worker's wing tomorrow because his aunt & uncle are guards in MCCI. He "has connections". I'm repeating myself now,

I'm a so-called graphomaniac with insomnia. I spit out philosophical comedy like a dog with diarrea spitting out shit from its asshole. I drank 12 cups of coffee today. If I am UP ALL NIGHT, so be it.

My father looked a little hurt today that I was losing patience with all this waiting. I guess I really don't mind it so much in here. I just want to be out to return to my existentialist way of life, smoking cigarettes, diving in the ocean, listening to WBAI 99.5 FM New York featuring DEMOCRACY NOW at 8AM. You know: MY LIFE!

I can adapt to jails and mental asylums, sure.

I simply PREFER to loaf around the Jersey shore smoking cigarettes, eating eggs & rice ... drinking coffee back at the apartment, busting orgasms, napping, reading Schopenhauer, Cioran, et cetera.

I plan on avoiding alcohol so as to avoid confrontations with police officers and human beings in general.

I really have to remember to look into The Secrets of INVISIBILITY. Maybe that will be the title and theme of my next series of notebooks.

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I certainly can't expect myself to come up with absurd tales about secret agents and the like. No, no, no — I am not a novelist. I'm a scribbler; I write essays and self-absorbed philosophical introspection. Writing is madness, and madness is writing. This is my philosophy. People say I am very crazy. I am literally the philosopher disguised as the madman, and I am legally diagnosed as "manic-depressive," i.e., bipolar with rapid cycling. That's RAPID CYCLING, meaning I become quite dejected, melancholy, and morose, then manic, hyperconscious, and talkative in short intervals. My moods are a sine wave:



FIGHT BACK

THEY STOLE YOUR SONG THEN SOLD IT BACK TO YOU
TOLD YOU YOU'RE NOT GOD'S CHOSEN 'CAUSE YOU 'AINT A JEW
THEN THEY STOLE YOUR LIFE, THREW YOU IN A ZOO!
AND FEED YOU MEDICATION TO KEEP YOU CONFUSED AND BLUE

THAT'S RIGHT, IT'S NOT JUST YOU, THE BLOODY BASTARDS,
THEY GOT ME TOO!

THEY STOLE MY SONG THEN SOLD IT BACK TO ME
CALLED ME A DEVIL, KICKED ME OUT 'THE FAMILY TREE
THEN SPIT IN MY FACE LAUGHING WHILE I BLEED
TRYING TO BRAINWASH ME WITH SOME BOGUS CREED

THAT'S RIGHT, IT'S NOT JUST ME, WE ALL HAVE TO
FIGHT BACK ~~AND~~ TO SET OUR MINDS FREE

~~NOW I'M FIGHTING BACK~~

Mike Hentrel Darby 2010
MCCI Freehold
DIRTY JERSEY
STILL IN CHAINS

How could he sit on his sofa drinking beer knowing I am counting on him to do this for me. I know he feels my anguish. I have no choice but to hang tough.

Maybe if I read a little about the struggles of Native Americans I will see things in perspective.

Where we gonna hide from the Hell we're made???

From The Long Death: "Once the buffalo were gone, it had been believed, the Indian would be forced to give up his roaming ways and settle down to feed himself by the sweat of his brow as a farmer, a herdsman, or a "laborer."

"In a time of misery and hopelessness, people who can see no way out of their troubles and woes are prone to look to some higher power for help, and the voice that now spoke to the unhappy Indians came from Nevada, from a messiah named Wovoka (come to be called JACK WILSON by all the whites in the valley). Wovoka received his inspiration in 1888 during an eclipse which occurred while he was ill with a severe fever. The event, which he considered supernatural – "the sun died" – had a powerful effect on a mind disordered by fever.

The heart of the revelations was that the earth was to be regenerated and returned to the Indians, including all the dead of the past who would come back in all the beauty and strength of their youth. Wovoka claimed to be simply a prophet. He could sing songs which could produce fog, snow, a shower or hard rain, or sunshine. The ~~Ap~~ Arapahoes and Cheyennes, the Bannocks, Sioux, Shoshones, Utes, and other tribes sent delegates to talk to the messiah; they returned full of wonders to start the dance – which the whites had named the

Search FOR TOLSTOY ESSAY: "Why Men Stupify Themselves"

Ghost Dance because it was to help bring back the dead — among their own tribesmen. As they danced to bring the new day nearer, the excess of their emotions sent many of them into trances in which they saw VISIONS — and this appears to be what had most of the hold it had over many of them, almost like a NARCOTIC — and from their visions they built most of the simple, chanting songs which they used in subsequent dances."

My Father, have pity on me!
I have nothing to eat,
I am dying of thirst —
Everything is gone!

"White people anywhere in the vicinity of Indian reservations became nervous at the activity and chanting and interpreted it as a war dance. Among the Sioux, where the new religion happened to coincide with a number of causes of unrest, "Ghost shirts" magically impervious to white men's bullets were worn, at first only in the dance, but later beneath the outer garments at other times."

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I wonder why my father waited so long to begin this process of bailing me out. The prosecuter may have to sign off on the 10% BOND, and does not work weekends. My father must have been aware of this. What will the consequences be? What if I am scheduled to go to court Monday and the judge ~~goes~~ releases me on my own recognances and I get released to a shitload of cash Tuesday, August 3rd? I guess I will get some information tomorrow — Sunday visit. This is getting ridiculous.

In March of 1890, came a group of returning Sioux who had been sent the previous autumn to visit the messiah and learn about the new religion. Wovoka was going to wipe out the white man. Talking to the dead during trances is possible? Can this guy who was just killed by Monmouth County Corrections Officers in this jail's Infirmary be reached?

Red Cloud accepted the new religion.

The fervor with which the Sioux were accepting the Ghost Dance religion was a measure of their need of it. There were reports that the Sioux were WILD and OUT OF THEIR HEADS. The Indians were so engrossed in their dancing as to be beyond the control of himself and his police. Juristiction ~~was~~ over the Sioux was transferred to the War Department. Almost two thousand escaped into the BadLands. The escaped Indians, some of them rebellious but most only frightened, were declared to be hostiles.

The Indian Bureau asked its agents to submit lists of trouble-makers who should be arrested and removed, with the help of the military. Sitting Bull was considered the most potentially dangerous of them all.

Sitting Bull was killed by "Native police" who had accepted the white man's way completely. Sitting Bull looked with scorn on all Indians who cooperated with the white authorities. 6 cops died and 8 resisters, including Sitting Bull and his son Crow Foot.

When all the buffalo were exterminated, the Natives began to depend upon the US Army's commissary supplies for BEEF, COFFEE, and SUGAR. So are we all living on one giant RESERVATION? We're all in a concentration camp? Taken Prison.

The history of "The Indian Wars" ends around cooking fires with hungry Sioux gnawing on ribs of grass-fed beef. The Ghost Dance died at Wounded Knee. When the Ghost shirts proved as IMPOTENT as everything else they had ever put their faith in, they quickly dropped the entire religion of the Ghost Dance. The Natives were ~~b~~ broken; apathy, hopelessness, hunger, and disease became their constant companions.

And what is left of our world? Multimillionaires ~~drive six~~ own several cars and lease private jets at $300,000 per year. Wall Street power brokers have access to 60 million dollars cash to purchase a private jet. What kind of a Twilight Zone nightmare is this? Now I have come to love my self because of my lack of ambition, my lack of admiration for material wealth. Perhaps my failure to acquire material possessions, social status, power, prestige, and economic security is a consequence of my spiritually advanced BEING. With my heart and mind so in touch with the universally perilous condition of us all, I am less likely to be too upset by the petty disasters of my day-to-day life.

~~My fo~~

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My father has broken 2 promises to me: (1) that I would be bailed out before August. ~~I've been~~ (2) that he would be by the jail to speak to me.

Now I don't know what to think. I will wait to see what happens in video court, if I even get called down, tomorrow. Surely my father must sympathize with me.

SEARCH FOR TOLSTOY ESSAY   WHY MEN STUPIFY THEMSELVES

4 August 2010 Wednesday

I called Anthony the bails bondsman a little before 4PM. He was with my father when I called! He told me that my father was going to be picking me up today! Could this mean that I will actually be eating dinner over at my sister's? I am in awe of how excited I've become. Now I know. Now I can imagine going down to booking, putting on my magic sneakers, hugging Dad when I get through the gate, and asking Dad to stop at the corner store so I can pick up coffee / Winstons – and see if they have backpacks. Every time the phone rings, I will imagine the call will be "HENTRICH! ETG!"

My father pulled it off without my mom bugging him. My Mom was in Freehold visiting me today. I wonder if she will be at my sister's tonight. What will I do after stopping at my sister's? Will I go by B's? Will I go get Tobacco in town before jumping on the bus to Asbury Park?

I will actually be sleeping in my apartment tonight? Will I be able to do without alcohol? Of course I will! Tomorrow I can go to post office and library. I will lay low. I can check in to bails bondsman as well after taking care of bills. Hell, I may even get a prepaid phone. Now we are in lockdown. I wonder if I can get ETG'd during shift change. I certainly won't be going to sleep any time soon. Will I be lonely when I get back to Asbury Park? NO. I will eat food from cans. I will not drink the vodka that's on the table. I will listen to WBAI?

I ate the chicken meal in less than one minute. It was the smallest portion of chicken I ever remember receiving in the county jail on Wednesday night. The portions are getting smaller and smaller. I am so ANXIOUS to be let loose! What could be taking so long? The bail bondsman said, just before 4PM that my Dad would be picking me up at the jail TODAY. Now it is almost 6:30PM. My Dad surely would be going home to eat. ~~before~~ He goes to sleep at 7:30PM. I am losing hope. What if I really am not getting let out until tomorrow morning? They have to let me out once the bail is posted. Why not tonight? Why not now?

I have WINSTONS and COFFEE on my mind.

I pray to see the ocean tonight! To listen to music, to read Schopenhauer... to have my life back!

Yes, I am losing my mind. My mother tells me Thursday. Tami told me Thursday. Did my father tell the JAILERS to wait until tomorrow to turn me loose? I do not know what is going on. If I don't get released by 8PM, I will call the bondsman.

I have such nervous tension that I want to scream. How alive I suddenly feel now that I smell freedom! When I have no ~~cha~~ hope of leaving, I plan to focus, but once I get word that I am to be bailed out ***TODAY*** I am filled with ANTICIPATION.

Now I feel my spirit going back down, down, down. If I am let out too late, I'll just have enough time to get a few packs of Winston & coffee at store, then I have to haul ass to the bus. I wish I knew what was GOING ON. MAYBE MY FATHER WANTS ME TO STAY HERE UNTIL TOMORROW.

 4:40 PM. How long before my paranoid imagination kicks in and I start to suspect I'm never getting out of here, that everyone is lying to me just to keep me "calm"? I predict that these thoughts will start to circle around my brain presently and especially after dinner. This is no good, taking too damn long. Something's fishy in Denmark. I may be some kind of "enemy of the State" because of my intelligence, and if THE ESTABLISHMENT suspects I have "come of age" as far as refusing to play the role of "drunken loser" & "clown", then perhaps THEY do not want me to be released. And yet, with my bail paid and no "retainers", how can THEY keep me in their custody? I'm afraid I have yet to eat my last meal here. What a long, torturous day! If it were not for the book about Willie Bosket, I would have been extremely upset; but, with this book I continue to live the life of PRISONER SCHOLAR, where my greatest revenge is knowing my brain is pulsating stronger and deeper than ever before. How long can I be kept in captivity after my bail is posted? Are the guards waiting for me to "lose it" or to "get jumped" so as to sabotage my bail out? If so, how do I overcome this TRAP? Is there a secret government within the government which "controls" prisoners to do the bidding of the State?

What will it take my family to intervene and inquire?

Will my sister inform my mother that I have not yet retrieved my property from her house? Will my family FEEL ME SUSPECTING I AM BEING FUCKED OVER by the system? My mother will call the social worker if my sister gives her the phone number. I told my mother that I suspect a "set up" is in the works since I have picked up vibes from a particular Black Muslim. I would be so relieved to be released after dinner or even before. At this point, my imagination has painted some extremely paranoid VISIONS and I WANT OUT!